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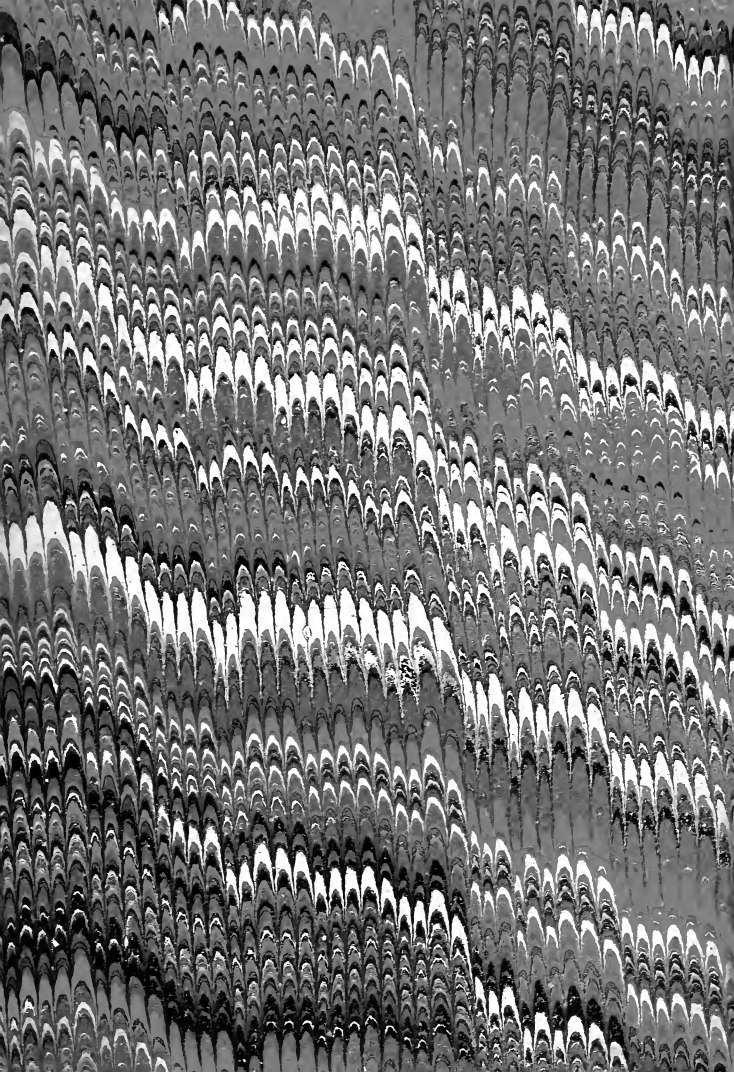
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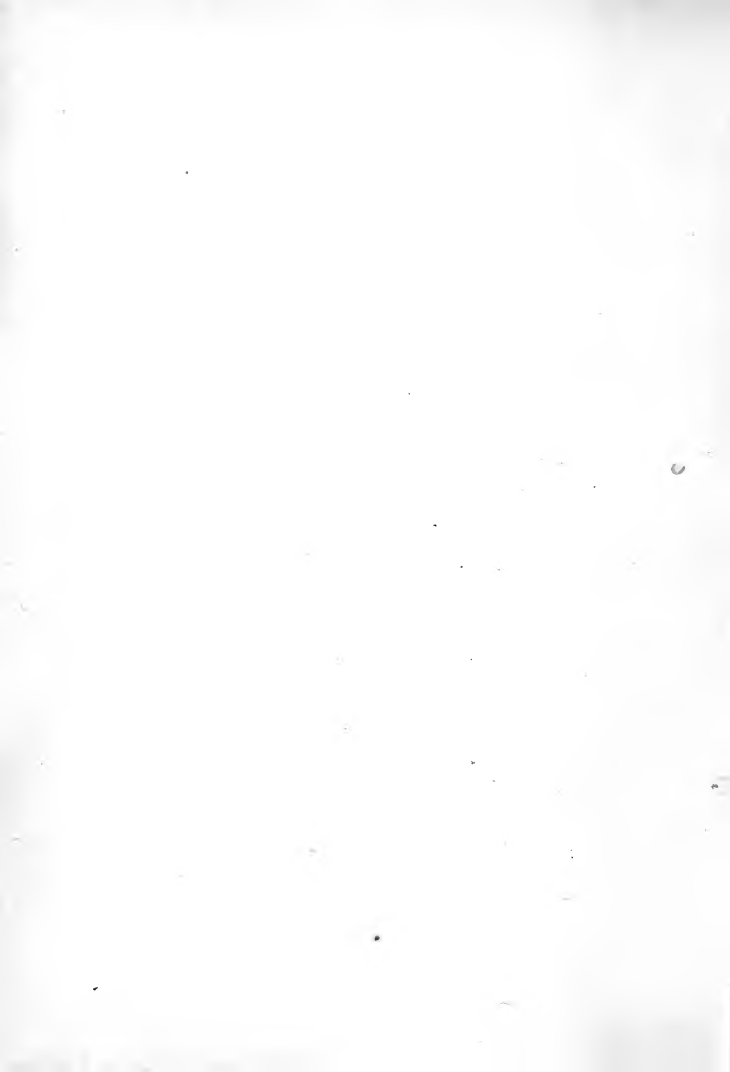
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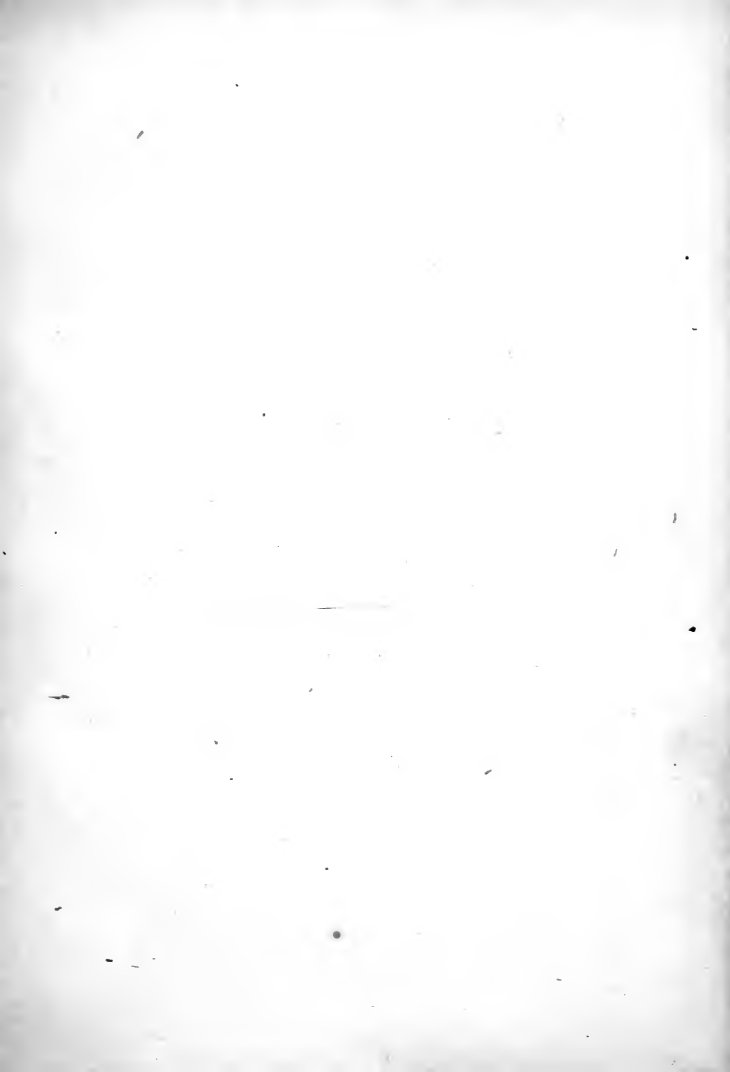
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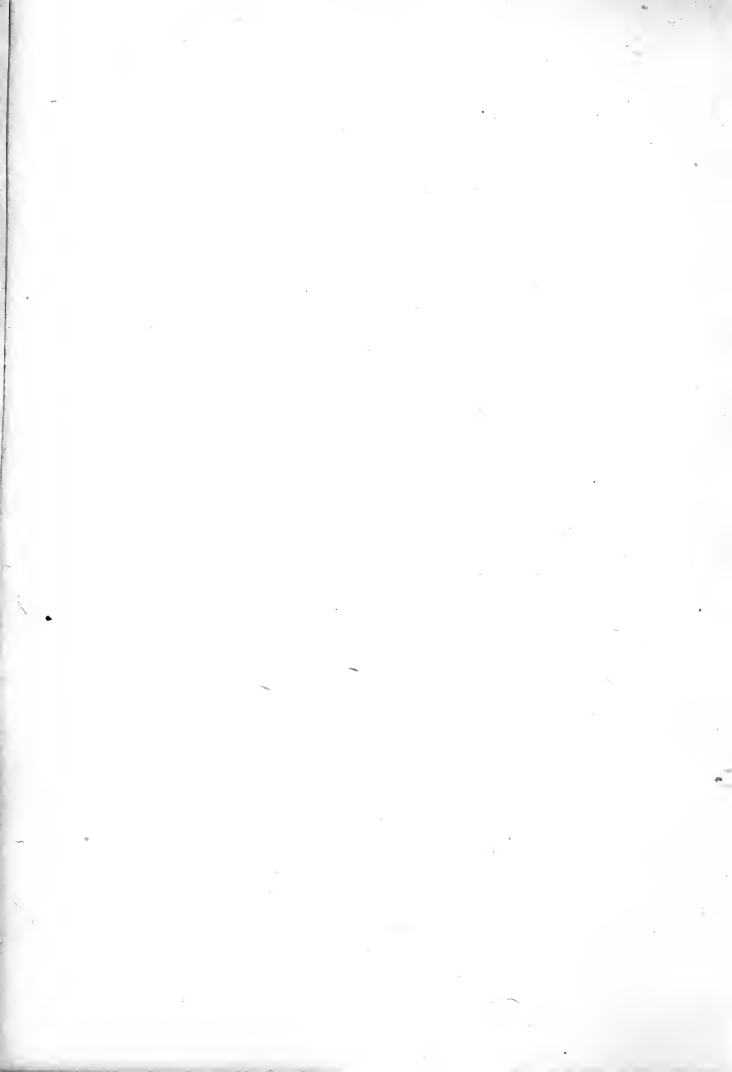
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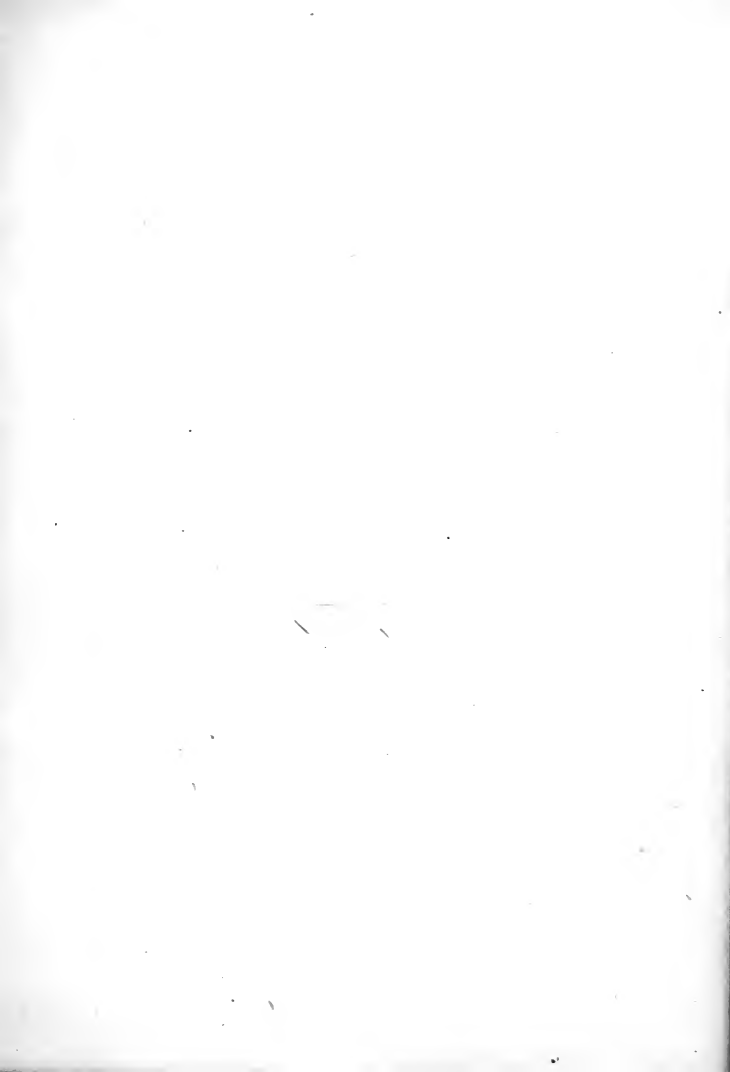








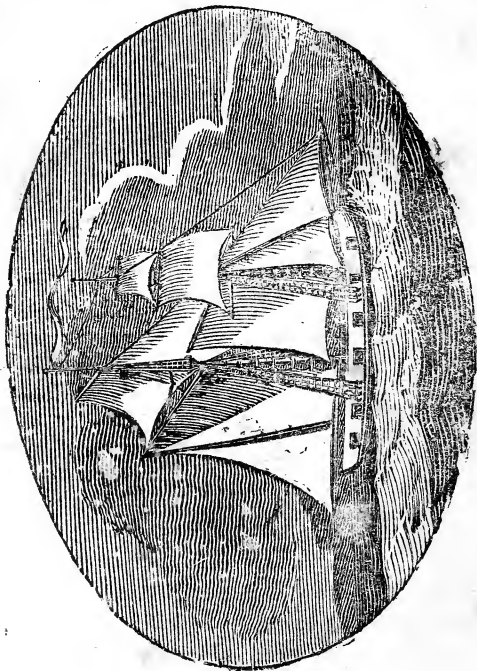








If solemn truth is what you most desire,  
Read through this volume, and the same admire.



Here's folly too, if that you'd rather choose;  
Read on and laugh, but don't the truth abuse.

THE  
WANDERING BOY,  
CARELESS SAILOR,  
AND  
RESULT OF INCONSIDERATION.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

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BY HORACE LANE.

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Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of  
correction shall drive it far from him. SOLOMON.

And I have lov'd thee, ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports, was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward, from a boy;  
For I was as it were a child of thee.

BYRON.

SKANEATELES: F

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY LUTHER A. PRATT.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, by Horace Lane, in the Clerk's Office of the Northern District of the State of New-York.



## INTRODUCTION.



THE author is induced to offer this work to the public, from an impression that it may serve as a beacon on a rock or shoal, to give warning to his fellow-beings, especially careless youth, that they may duly consider their course, and steer clear of those quicksands which have caused him so much trouble and distress, and in which he should have sunk, had he not been rescued by an Almighty arm. Four objects he has in view, viz. 1st, self-interest, as the infirmity of his corporeal system will not admit of agitation ; 2d, he wishes to show (by example as well as precept) that there is such a thing as internal, heart-felt reformation—the necessity of it, and how he got it—yet feeling himself a fallible being ; 3d, to establish and appreciate the mercy of God in his providence, as he has been

many times rescued from imminent danger; 4th, as he has written candidly and sincerely, and nothing but what he can attest (as to veracity) in time or eternity, he indulges the hope that this little book will be extensively perused by the rising generation, and so entertain and instruct them, as to excite a love for reading, notwithstanding they may here and there discover some grammatical inaccuracies.

HORACE LANE.

## THE WANDERING BOY.

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Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;  
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;  
Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends,  
He had the passion, and the power to roam.

BYRON.

I was born in Lanesborough, state of Massachusetts, in a fertile valley, among the green mountains. Asa Lane, my father, was what may be termed a journeyman farmer, who was eagerly looking ahead for an opportunity to gain a foothold; that is, to get possession of a spot of ground, that would afford him that benefit of his labour which he had to render to others. He took my mother and me, (the lucky first born, then eleven months old,) and moved to Stillwater, county of Saratoga, on the west bank of the Hudson river, where he commenced the rafting business, and soon became a pilot. But where there is good business, there are generally bad allurements. My father was a sociable, free-hearted man, never a day out of employment; but lack of discretion, in choosing his company, baffled all his efforts to accumulate property; and I, his lucky boy, was ill disposed to help him along. One evening, he presented me with a little pocket knife which he had purchased for me; I thought then, surely I am a

lucky boy. The next morning, I went to a clothier's shop, near by, to sharpen my knife. As I was returning home, I had to pass close by the bars where the cloth was stretched to dry; and thinking it was a good place to try my new knife, notwithstanding I knew it was wrong, I cut several times across the cloth; and yet I was so stupid and inconsiderate, as to cut the two first letters of my name in it before I left it. This was unlucky for me, as I got detected and severely punished, and my father had to pay for the cloth. It would have been well for me had this been the last dirty trick I ever was trapped in; but alas! it was the first, and only a small one, as will appear in the sequel of my narrative. This happened in the year 1795, when I was about six years of age.

The next indiscreet caper I cut occurred shortly after, and bears a somewhat different aspect from that of the first. There was a militia muster about half a mile from my father's residence; our neighborhood was evacuated; all had gone to see the fun; I only was by some means left at home. There came along a man with a small cart, filled with cakes, to dispose of at the training; the sight of the sweet cookies excited such a desire as I could not at first find means to pacify. I was not hungry, but there was a sensual craving that impelled me to its gratification. All that the man wanted for his cakes was *chink*, and all that I wanted was to know how to get some. Suddenly a prospect made its appearance. There was a store directly across the road, no one in it, the door locked, but the window-shutters open, and to my no small joy there was a light of glass broken out. Without hesitation, I

entered the store through the sash, went to the cash deposit, and lifted eleven coppers (halfpence) then current; there lay a silver dollar in the drawer, but an instinct of nature told me not to take it, for fear of getting detected. While I was in this act, I had a mixture of feeling not easily described: if you could make a compound of joy, fear, hope, and dread, and feel it within you, you might be able to form some estimate of my sensations. This was the seed-time of my life; it was laying the corner-stone of the foundation of my character for years to come. Had I been detected in this act by some sincere, faithful friend, who would have suitably corrected, and reasonably reproved me, and made me to understand the demerit and fatal consequences pending over such violations of the law, it might have been the means of saving me from many troubles by which my maturer years were embittered. If I had but known or considered that it was not the external condition in which I might be placed, but the part I should act, upon which my future happiness or misery, honour or infamy, would depend; now that I was just entering upon the stage of action, how requisite would it have been for me to regulate my plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before I had committed any fatal or irretrievable error. If, instead of exercising reflection for a valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to disloyalty, for the sake of pleasure, and humour yourself to attend to any pursuit for your own amusement; if you allow yourself to float loose and careless on the young flood of the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of passion may chance to give you; what can

you with any show of reason expect to follow from such beginnings?

My father was strictly moral in his observance of the Sabbath, and I was constrained, much against my will, to sit mute and hear him read the Bible, and the impression it made on my mind was, that there is a mighty God in the heavens; when I thought of him, my mind was impressed with terror, and I had no one to tell me how to love him; but these impressions were seldom, and not lasting. In the month of April, 1795, my mother, after a short illness, expired. I was as insensible of my loss as her lifeless corpse. I was then in my seventh year; and though I feigned solemnity, I inwardly rejoiced, vainly thinking that the restriction to my playful desires was removed. But ah! sad mistake. There were some persons who used to tell me that I was like a young bear, that my trouble was to come. I did not believe a word of it, for I always had hopes of better times—never anticipated evil—viewed only the fair side of a prospect, that is, the side where I could flatter myself with the enjoyment of happiness or self-gratification—thought as little what bearings or effects my actions had on my fellow-creatures, as the trigger of a pistol in the hand of an assassin.

My father broke up housekeeping, which caused a separation between his children, a brother and sister both younger than myself. It fell to my lot to be put out to a sturdy, athletic, avaricious farmer and cobbler, from England. They had no children, and the old lady used me pretty fair; but the old man kept me to the work, as if he employed me by the day in December, and gave me great wages. My father was informed

of his severity, and took me from him, which I have regretted ever since; for I was contented there, but from that time I have constantly had a wandering desire. I was next placed with doctor Smith, who kept a country store, with some drugs in one corner of it; where I was permitted to stay alone sometimes, while Mr. Smith went to his meals; but I do not know that he ever missed any thing, though I was always well stored with raisins, sugar, cinnamon, or something suitable to my taste and desire. Here I had a fair chance for the improvement of my abilities, as Mr. Smith had agreed with my father to send me to school till I was sixteen, and then place me as clerk in the store. But fate had marked for me a different course, There lived at Mr. Smith's a yellow girl, about sixteen, who did the house work—a mean strumpet, as sly as a rat. She was constantly stuffing me with sycophantic nonsense about the great cities, fine ships, gay flags, and melodious music; and there was another family of young folks, that had recently moved from New-York, to whom I listened with open mouth, eyes and ears, while they were describing the beauties of the cities. All I wanted was wings, and knowledge and power to use them.

When I was about eight years and a half old, I took a start one morning, and long before night I was delighting myself on board of a sloop that lay at the wharf at what is now called West Troy, a distance of eighteen miles from home. But I was closely pursued by my father, who conveyed me back to Stillwater. As doctor Smith had got sick of me by this time, I had the good fortune to be bound out to Mr. Moody, a clothier,

a good place, and clever folks; but the greatest difficulty with them and the pedagogue, was to keep me in school, although they knew well enough where to find me, as my delight was to be on or in the water. I was often routed from among the willows on the edge of the river, or from the mill-pond, where I exerted my skill in navigating slabs or sticks of timber (as my ships) about the pond; and I frequently puzzled the larger scholars who were sent after me, to catch me, as I would get into the middle of the pond and laugh at them. I once in a while got a whipping, but all could not save me. One afternoon, as I was rambling along the bank of the river, through a pleasant grove of young hickories that grew by the side of the mill-pond, I lit into a skiff, that was fastened to a tree. Regardless of consequences, I cast off the rope that held her, and began to exert myself in rocking her, by running from side to side; but soon found something else to attract my attention. Some persons, perceiving my dangerous situation, had collected on the bank; one of them called to me to get my oars out, and row to the shore. "You are going over the dam!" said they. Till then, I had paid no attention to which way the skiff was driving. When I raised my head, I found myself within about ten rods of the dam, swiftly approximating it, and the rapidity of the current increasing. I took hold of the oars, (not in the least confused,) made an effort to use them, but I lacked skill, laid them in the skiff again, and let her take her own course; she pitched over the dam, where the fall was about six or eight feet, and took in about a barrel of water. But this was not the worst of that voyage; I had yet the falls to go



over, and away she went whirling through the foaming fluid, to the right about one rock, and to the left about another; sometimes the people that stood on the shore could not see me, as I was covered with the spray. When I got below the falls, I took my oars out, and rowed to the shore like an old hand at it. This is a big story for a lad eight years and a half old. The neighbors said I was a lucky boy, but that they would not have been with me in the skiff for a heap of money. They said, they guessed I'd make a good sailor.

Mr. Moody had a brother that had been off soldiering; he was a drummer, and brought his music home with him; and he heaped on a pile more of illustrious stories to what I had already heard. One morning, after turning the cow to pasture, I steered along down the river, under the bank, to keep out of sight, till I got some distance, then made all sail, and before night I was in Troy. I soon engaged at play with the boys, as unconcerned as if I had been a nobleman's son, and before my father's door; neither had I a thought of my situation, till I was covered only by the sable curtain of night. My playmates had retired to their homes, and I was left, penniless, friendless, and almost senseless, alone in the street. But my consternation was suddenly aroused by the ringing of the church bell for nine o'clock. There stood several gentlemen talking near the open door of a store. I stepped up to them, and inquired what they were ringing that big bell for? for I had never previously heard a bell larger than the one that hung on the old cow's neck. As every spirit begets its own likeness, so my question excited the inquisitive powers of the gentlemen; they gazed intense-

ly at me, and one of them asked me where I came from. It is not likely I told him the truth, but he took me to his home, fed me, and put me to bed. Next morning, after breakfast, he took me with him on board a sloop he was loading with lumber for the New-York market. This was touching the very string that pleased my fancy; I was full of glee, nor did I for a moment think of disappointment.

I had no rule, a silly fool,  
Blind fancy was my guide;  
No thought nor care how I should fare  
On time's swift fleeting tide.

My father, ever watchful, had got track of me. I saw him approaching, and made an effort to secrete myself, but he found me, and I was forced to return with him to Stillwater. It was but a short time after this that I took my departure again, and was so fortunate as to fall in with an old man at Troy, who took me with him on board a sloop to New-York. What he wanted of me I never found out; I was of no use to him or any one else, unless it was to employ them in keeping me out of mischief. One job I gave the old man, by clearing out from the sloop, getting on board of a ship half a mile off, and keeping him hunting about till he found me and brought me back. On our return to Troy, a country merchant, a passenger, took a fancy to me, and carried me with him to Hoosack, where I was well treated, placed in rank with his children, and was quite pleased for a while; but my wandering propensities soon returned; I considered my situation too dull and longed for the gayety of the city, and the shipping, which principally engaged my attention.

Ships, drums, and fifes, were all my life,  
 Gay flags, and sails unfurl'd;  
 I thought 't would be my highest glee  
 To view some distant world.

I left Hoosack, and shaped my course for Troy, where I got a good situation with a gentleman and lady who had no children; they treated me as if I had been their son, and I was contented for a fortnight, when I again made sail, got on board of a schooner, and arrived at New-York, where as I was soliciting the captain of a fine ship to take me with him to sea, a merchant from New Lebanon persuaded me to go home with him, as the captain refused to take me, his objection being that I was too small. The merchant paid my passage to Kinderhook, and I went home with him, where, to pay him for his trouble and expense, I staid three weeks. Leaving Lebanon, I steered to the eastward, through bitter and boisterous storms, over the Pittsfield mountains, and what was my object I knew not. At every house where I stopped, the inhabitants pitied me, which I was at a loss to account for, as I considered myself well enough off, and felt as independent as a nobleman. Some tried to entice me to stay with them, but I had not yet got to the place that suited my notion. I strayed along through Pittsfield, and when the sun was setting, I stopped at a house in Partridgefield. Here was a boy about my age, one that I delighted in as a play-mate; and the boy's father took a liking to me, gave me some good clothes, a new pair of boots, and sent me to school with his son; but all these favours could not induce me to stay longer than a fortnight, when I again cleared, and laid my course for the Hudson river.

The son of fancy ne'er the truth explores,  
 But in excursions ludicrous he soars;  
 He feels no pain nor pleasure but his own,  
 Intent to gratify himself alone.

I had straggled along from house to house, a distance of 40 miles, always pitied and assisted; when I was at length accepted and kindly treated by the family and slaves of a rich old Dutch widow, whose farm and delightful situation is on the west bank of the Hudson river, four miles north of Hudson. I can now reflect back and perceive that where the greatest kindness has been shown to me, I have been most ready to conceive myself slighted, and take the miff for the most frivolous cause, or supposed cause. So it was at the widow's, where I was treated as one of the family, which made me too forward, so that I would not bear the mildest check. Here I remained for three or four weeks, till the ice broke up in the river, when I made sail, and steered for Catskill; here I got on board of a sloop, and to effect my design of getting to New-York, told them that my friends resided at Nantucket. When we arrived at New-York, the passengers and crew were all anxious that I should get a passage home to Nantucket, a place that then I had never seen. I next spent about one month between New-York and Albany, during which time I had many situations, either on board of vessels or on shore; at some of them I staid one day, while others could keep me no longer than to give me one meal of victuals. I fell in with a raft of timber floating down the river, and it appeared pleasant to me to see their little shantee and household furniture, and they allowed me to stay with them three or four days.

At Poughkeepsie, I got on board of a new sloop, a bully sailor, called the Ann Maria, and left her as soon as she struck the wharf at New-York.

The next place I found myself was on board of the South Amboy stage-boat. This situation suited me well, as I had frequent alternate views of the city, the shipping, and the ocean. One day, as we were beating through the narrows against a fresh south breeze, it was my station (cook like) to tend the foresheet; this duty demanded little strength, but alertness, as the fore-sail had to be shifted when the sloop was head to the wind, while the sail is shivering. One of the gentlemen passengers was watching my motions, unobserved by me; I improved every moment—when not at work, I was at play. When we got below the bluff of Staten Island, as our course was nearly west, we made a fair wind of it, which left me at leisure. The gentleman above mentioned asked me to hand him a glass of water, which request was immediately complied with, and he put a 25 cent piece into my hand; I thanked him, but thought it something remarkable. When we arrived at Amboy, he handed me a fowling-piece and a cloak, desiring me to take them to the stage-house; this being done, he met me a short distance from the house, and commenced telling me that his name was Billetts, that he lived in Scotland, had a ship and cargo in New-York, and was going to take a tour through the states; “and if you will (continued he) go with me and stay with me, you shall be brought up like a gentleman, as I have no child, and you shall be my heir.” This language seemed to suit my inclination, so my consent was given without hesitation. He told me to

walk slowly along the road, and when the stage overtook me, he bade the driver stop the horses, and took me in. Now I looked upon myself as indeed a lucky boy, being exalted to sit among gentlemen, and drawn by four horses. Mr. Billetts suffered me to want for nothing, and the next day we arrived at Philadelphia, where he put me to board with one of his countrymen, an old acquaintance, who kept a store near the new market; and requested me to call upon him every day at ten o'clock at his lodgings, room No. 15, up two pair of stairs, in a grand hotel, I forget what street. He bought me fine clothes, and gave me money every day, for about a month; when he told me he was going farther south, and asked me whether I had rather stay in Philadelphia, or go to New-York. For no other purpose than to satisfy my uneasy, wandering disposition, my preference was given to New-York.

He wrote a letter to the man of the family where he wished me to stay, its address telling me where to go, and gave me money to pay my fare. Upon my arrival at New-York, a notion suddenly struck me; I tore the letter up, hove the fragments into the dock, and went to searching among the sloops for a situation. Failing in this, my next amusement was playing with the boys in the Fly market, till a late hour in the evening found me alone, friendless and without money. After a short consultation in my mind what was best to be done, my steps were directed on board of a schooner that lay at the wharf; I opened the fore-scuttle, and rolling myself in an old sail, fell asleep; on awaking in the morning, I discovered that they had cast off, made sail, and were near Hurlgate, bound for Connecticut. The captain

was somewhat alarmed, thinking he was taking some gentleman's son from the city; but a short conversation with me convinced him that he had committed no criminal act. This gentleman also made me fair promises, and treated me kindly, requesting me to stay with him; but the restlessness of my mind induced me to shift my situation the first opportunity, and get on board of a sloop, in which, after stemming the freshet in the river several days, we arrived at Hartford. I rambled about the city a few hours, admiring every thing that was new to me; this was in the month of May, 1799. Casting a look across the river, a charming vernal prospect struck my view; and without hesitation, or having any definite object, a short time found me on the opposite side; and a delightful country it truly is. After straying along a couple of miles, I fell in with a rich farmer's dwelling, and as it was after sunset, was kindly received; after answering a good many questions from the old gentleman and others of the family, in which the old lady took no inconsiderable part, an invitation was made me to stop and make my home with them. This was a good place, and it might have been well for me to accept the offer; but there came along a young man in quest of work, whom the old gentleman hired, and he told such a great story about a fine large new ship just launched and fitting out at Middletown, where they wanted two hundred men and boys, that my wandering ideas were again excited; the thought of getting among such a jolly group fixed my determination; and falling in with a vineyard boat at Hartford, in two hours I was safe on board of the U. S. ship Connecticut.

This step furnished me with a different method of wandering, for though compelled to stay on board, my roving was extensive. By the mismanagement of the officers, the ship was capsized, and filled with water, before we left Middletown, and all hands were busily employed in getting her upright, and free from water again. This accident put me out of conceit of the ship, so much so that I told the officers I would not go to sea in her; "for," said I, "if she capsizes here in a mill-pond, what will you do with her on the ocean?" This remark caused some sport for the officers, on account of my youth, being then only ten years of age; had a man made it, it would have attracted less notice. Notwithstanding my thoughts were bent on getting away, I was compelled to stay on board, while they got the ship to New-London, where they took in ballast, stores, provisions, arms, and ammunition; recruited sailors, completed the crew, got sailing orders, up with the anchors, spread the sails, and steered our course for the West Indies. As it was after dark before we got clear of the land, I felt no sea sickness before turning out of my hammock in the morning. Finding myself on a lively foundation, I was glad to cling to one of the cannon to prevent my falling, and gazed out of the port-hole. The breeze blew fresh; nothing was to be seen but the clear sky, with here and there a drifting cloud, and the foaming billows following each other in martial array and quick succession, flourishing their curly pates and dashing them against the ship, as if to say, 'What do ye on my premises?' 'Sure enough,' thought I, 'what do I here? O that I were on dry land in my native Stillwater.' But something else soon occupied



my mind ; it was a slap alongside of my head from an officer, who, with an imprecation, ordered me to go below and help to get the officers' breakfast ready. "Breakfast," thought I ; "if they felt like me, they'd not care much about breakfast." Down I went into the ward-room, where an officer handed me a pile of earthen dishes, telling me to go on deck, and wash them ; adding, "and d—— you, see that you fall and break them all," (meaning that I should not break them.) Up I started, got half way to the galley, (the place where the cooking is done,) the ship gave an extra lurch, and pitched me into the lee scuppers, dishes and all, breaking about two-thirds of them. Having gathered up the whole ones, cleaned them, and returned with them to the ward-room, the officer that handed them to me, perceiving that I had met with a misfortune, exclaimed, "You d——d young son of a b——h, I told you to mind and break them *all* ; now I'll flog you for not obeying me." Another officer who was present interceded for me, saying, "I think the boy has done d——d well ; if you always get obeyed as well as that, you need not grumble." This got me clear of the drubbing—the lucky boy yet.

A few nights after we left the land, we were visited with a short but stiff gale ; it came on us sudden and unexpected ; there was great bustle and confusion, taking in and reefing sails ; with vociferous bawling from the officers, and dolorous mourning among the green hands. To me, lying strung up in my hammock, under the spar-deck, it was terrific to hear the wind whistle through the masts and rigging, the waves dashing, the water swashing over and under and all

around me, the ship heaving and tumbling as if she would strain herself asunder, or turn keel up. So it appears to the novice, but it is nothing to them that are used to it. After every thing was got snug, and the bustle a little abated, I heard an officer say, "She rides like a duck." These words greatly revived my fearful spirit, and are always fresh to my recollection; for I was crouched all in a heap in my hammock, and durst not take a long breath, for fear it would be my last one. The next visible object to harass my mind, and excite my fear, was a strange ship in sight; and as we approached her, the cry rang through our ship, "She is a Frenchman." All hands were summoned to quarters; it was clear away the guns—huzza, boys, blood for breakfast; there were rammers, sponges, wads and shot; round, grape, double-headed, canister, and langrage; and *Pilgarlic* (I shall occasionally assume this title, to avoid the monotonous sound of the first person singular,) had to appear as brave as the rest, with cartridge-box slung about my neck; but my inclination was to keep at a distance from the Frenchman, as she was supposed to be. As our ship was a remarkably fast sailer, we soon got within hail, and to my no small joy, she proved to be an English merchant ship.

We steered on for the windward West India station, till we were in latitude  $23\frac{1}{2}$  north, when father Neptune made his horrible appearance. He said he was determined to have the youngest boy in the ship, and Pilgarlic thought he was a gone chicken; but I got clear by having my face lathered with tar and hen manure, and scraped with an iron hoop; it took me

three hours to clean myself, and thought myself lucky at that. Our ship soon became a terror to the French privateersmen, as she was a swift sailer; it was animating to see her run; just give her a breeze so that the topmasts would bend a little, she would lay over so that the lee guns would titter along on the top of the water; then if a French vessel was ahead, he was a gone crapoo. We were cruising about the island of Deseada, and espied a sail one night, gave chase to her, and in less than an hour gave her a shot to bring her to; she proved to be a French privateer brig of 18 guns, and 160 men; we ran alongside of her, and she gave us battle. We gave her a broadside. I delivered my cartridge to the charger of the gun I belonged to, and started to the after hatch, where the powder was handed up, for another; they were not quite in readiness in the cartridge-room, and Pilgarlic, with other powder boys, had to stand for a few moments idle. These were doleful moments for me; the flashes of fire-arms in the night make a terrific illumination to an idle bystander; my thoughts were, "Alas, alas! we are all dead men! why don't our captain surrender?" But one of the men from the gun I belonged to soon put a stop to these sensations by a slap alongside of my head, adding, "Why don't you bring powder, you young son of a b—h?" I was busy enough, and entirely destitute of fear during the remainder of the action, which was of short duration, when at length the joyful sound rang through our ship, "We have got another fine prize." But it was not Pilgarlic's fault. The Bible tells us not to love in word and in tongue, but that's the only way I ever could fight; bold enough

when on shore in a grog-shop, or where there was no danger. Several were killed on board of the French brig, although not one of our men was hurt; and it is true and worthy of notice, that in the many skirmishes we had during the twelve months that we cruised in the West Indies, never a shot struck our ship, nor was there a man killed or wounded—and we chased vessels so close to the forts and batteries on Guadaloupe and other French islands, that their cannon balls flew all around us, and struck so close that the water flew over the ship's sides upon the deck. This might be termed being lucky boys. But my mind was often vexed and agitated, as we frequently sailed so near the islands that I could (like Moses of old) behold the delightfully chequered scenes of hill and vale, without being able to get there; thousands of birds flying where they pleased, and why was I not formed and supplied with wings?

Alas! I thought myself a poor unlucky boy,  
 Doom'd thus to view, but nothing to enjoy;  
 The body bound, the spirit must obey,  
 And all that's life in bondage to the clay:  
 To be confin'd for twelve long months or more,  
 Afloat on wood, and never feel the shore.  
 Reviving hope sustained me every day,  
 This hope was for a chance to get away.

One day, as we lay at anchor at St. Christopher's, I asked the captain to let me go on shore, which he refused, his objection being that he was afraid of my getting into bad company. He was truly my friend—one of the finest men, as to morals, that ever crossed the

ocean; his name was Moses Tryon; his dwelling was in Weathersfield, Connecticut. Often when the ship was riding majestically through the waves, he would call me to him, tell me how to behave myself in order to become a noble character, and point out to me, in the most pellucid colors that language could exhibit, the fatal consequences of vain habits; adding, "What a fine thing it would be for you to have command of such a ship as this when you become a man!" This language to me was as vanity and folly; and I told him that was impossible, for my father was a poor man; thinking that none but the wealthy could be promoted. He endeavoured to convince me of my mistake, but all his efforts to save me were useless and lost. We took four French privateers, retook seventeen merchantmen, chased one on shore and set fire to her, by which she was consumed; we chased several others on shore near the French batteries, and were compelled to leave them, as their cannon balls were to be avoided.

When commodore Truxton arrived at St. Christopher's, (in the President, a brand splinter new ship,) our captain made application to him to let our ship return to the States; but he told him to go and cruise for a month under the lee of Guadaloupe, and try to catch a French sloop of war, that was expected shortly to sail from under the cover of the cannon on their forts. We proceeded according to orders, but without success; as the Frenchman thought himself safer lying at anchor near the batteries than out at sea. She sailed ten days after our cruise was up, in company with a fleet of privateers; if we had staid till then, we could have tried the force of speed, or death or imprisonment

but we were the lucky boys. She had 24 cannon, much heavier than ours, though we had 26, and had double the number of men that we had. She was captured by the American frigate Boston, capt. McNeil, shortly after. Great joy was experienced when the tidings rang through the ship, "We are going home, we are going home!" every thing went on with alacrity, and cheerfulness beamed in every countenance. We had to take a round to several islands, to gather the merchant vessels that were in readiness and homeward bound, some of which had been waiting for some time, but did not dare to venture out, for fear of getting nabbed by the French privateers. We collected about 50 sail of merchant vessels, shaped our course for the States, had a pleasant passage till we got near the coast of Long Island, where we had a short severe gale, like the one we encountered about the time we left those waters; but with little or no damage we sailed in, and came to anchor at New-London. Our ship, that had for sixteen months been a constant scene of bustle, and some of the time confusion, suddenly became as silent as an evacuated bee-hive; each one sought for the first opportunity to get on shore, and Pilgarlic was not the hindmost; the taverns, grog-shops, boarding-houses, and brothels, were all in readiness to receive them.

There was gingling of glasses, the music did play,  
 The landladies' daughters were dress'd fine and gay,  
 'Twas all to entice sailors' money away;  
 Ten dollars scarce lasted one night and next day.  
 So ho! sailors, jolly bold fellows, learn to be sober  
 and wise.

Pilgarlic, with the rest of the boys, went to a boarding-house, where each one of us was not backward in exhibiting our bravado, as we could boast as much as all hands besides; and, monkey like, all that we had heard or seen practised by the sailors, we thought it becoming in us to say and do. A number of the young sailors hired horses, and some of them carriages, took each his fancy girl with him, to ride out and recreate at a tavern about three miles in the country. Pilgarlic thought these were brave actions. I went to capt. Tryon, with a face as long as a mule, and told him I wanted some money to pay the tailor for some clothes, when he, without any suspicion of intrigue, gave me six dollars; but the tailor might sing Robin Hood's song. I hired a couple of horses, one for myself and another for a fancy playmate, a sailor boy; when we mounted and rode off into the country, as stout as ever Napoleon could. We stopped at a tavern, where I called for dinner and some milk punch. Although I had as yet drank very little liquor, the sweetness of the punch induced me to take down so much that my consort was forced to leave me, being obligated to return the horses that night. How great was my surprise, on awaking next morning in a strange room! Shortly after breakfast, my comrade came riding along with the two horses, and we returned to New-London.

When captain Tryon heard of my vain, foolish career, he sent for me, and took me to board at a decent place, where he himself and some of our officers boarded. Here again Pilgarlic was at home—the lucky boy—for they had a daughter about my age, with whom I became very intimate, went to dancing-

school with her, and sleigh-riding with her and her elder brother; and we had such a fair understanding, that we were only separated while it was bed time. If there was mischief done, and any person said it was Pilgarlic, she would not believe them, though it was frequently true. Captain Tryon endeavoured to persuade me to go home with him, and go to school with his children. I had a sensation of mind telling me it would be for the best to comply with his invitation; but an opposite, stronger desire impelled me to be a sailor, to wander, not contemplating for what.

“ Reason in common life is man’s best guide,  
 His dearest friend when galling ills betide;  
 Reason views objects as they truly are,  
 And will rich ways and means of grace prepare;  
 But heated fancy, toss’d by hectic fits,  
 Upon an airy throne unsteady sits.  
 While fancy revels in ideal state,  
 Sage reason labours to be truly great.  
 Gay fancy pictures her Elysium here,  
 But reason seeks a more exalted sphere.”

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THE AUTHOR, AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, ON  
 BOARD A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

“ I know what the world is, how vain its delights,  
 How transient and fading its joys:  
 Its banquets are poisoned; the smile that invites,  
 Allures to the gulf that destroys.”

After taking a twelve months’ cruise on board the United States ship Connecticut, among the West India



Islands, about the year 1799; I thought myself a sailor. Full of business, and hard at it; no more to do than a puppy, and about as careless and stupid; the good counsel of my late captain and his officers, who had observed the alertness of my motions, and the instability of my mind, was rejected by me. They knew that the only thing wanting to make a man of me was a guide.

I thought I knew as much as they,  
 And gave my mind to constant play;  
 I thought it brave to join the throng,  
 And hear the drunken sailor's song.

But soon my little stock of cash was expended; the last cent was quite out of my reach; and the people of the house who boarded me, were no longer my friends; so there was nothing for me to do, but to range the streets by day, and sleep where there was a chance offered at night. But the company with whom it was my lot to associate, gave me instructions how to get a little change occasionally; and though the plan appeared to me rather disgraceful, yet the strong and ardent desire possessed by me for the pleasure that a few shillings would purchase, induced me to commence their practice; which was, hunting for old iron; and we could easily dispose of it: but as old iron became scarce, and it was, no iron, no money, we accidentally picked up a new iron bolt; and, if a copper one lay in the way, it would stick to our fingers. As it was my custom to do business with all my might, they seldom found me behind hand; so it was in this case; my colleagues found me ahead of them; which was, of course,

noticed by those who, it was my intention, should know nothing about it. The mate of a new ship nabbed me, while on my way to the shore, with my shirt bosom full of iron bolts; he took me down into the ship's hold, gave me a severe flogging, and shut me up there all night. So much for getting into bad company. Never was my heart hardened in any of my vile acts. My inclination was bad, it is true; but habit and necessity were my chief inducements; and every time conscience waked up, he reproved me; but he was such a sleepy head that he could not be kept awake; for self-gratification was my master, and would seldom let me disturb him; and Mr. Conscience, when he was awake, could not see clearly half of the time; for he was blinded by sympathy and generosity, and made me think I was doing well enough. Said he, "You feel for your fellows, and are willing to help them if you can, when they need it." One rainy day, as I strolled along the wharves, a schooner, laden with cattle, and ready for sea, attracted my notice; which induced me to go on board of her, and descend into the steerage, where the sailors were at dinner. They appeared to be very comfortably situated, and I longed to add one to their number; and began an innocent discourse with them. A partition, with an open door, was all that separated the cabin from the steerage.—The captain and mate heard and took notice of what I said, and I was accepted as cabin boy. We put to sea with a stiff north-wester, the next morning; and the land, to us, was soon invisible; the wind increased, and of course the billows, as we lengthened our distance from shore. The vessel was half the time com-

pletely under water. Some of the cattle were drowned, and the rest were bellowing when they could get breath. The crew were pale and horror-struck; and I was very sea-sick; the comfortable prospect that presented itself but the day before, was vastly and sadly reversed. I would have given all the world to have been in some farmer's stable. The captain befriended me, and even took me into his berth to sleep with him. His name was Bernham, of Norwich, Connecticut. We scud the little schooner before the wind and sea; that is, the waves; and she run like a grampus, for a few days; when we got into fine weather, and the remainder of our passage was pleasant.

When we arrived at the island of St. Vincent, I was indulged by the captain with liberty to go on shore as often as I pleased; and I visited sugar and rum plantations, where the poor slaves would gather around me, to see the *pickanene buckarah*; that is, the little white boy. The old negroes would kiss their hands, (a heathen form of worship,) and beg for a trifle to buy tobacco. Their humble actions so impressed me with a sense of their suffering and depraved condition, that I frequently took provisions from on board the vessel that I belonged to, and disposed of it, to get a little change to share out among them. I took the small boat, one morning, and went alongside of a droger; that is, a vessel for conveying produce around the island, to get some fire. The captain of the droger asked me some questions—how I liked the vessel I belonged to, what wages I had, &c. I replied that my situation was comfortable, and my wages four dollars per month. "What," said he, "such a boy as you are

get only four dollars a month? I want a boy, and would give you seven.' I told him I wanted to go home and go to school. "I'll let you go to school half of the time," said he; "I only want you to stay on board while I am on shore, and take care of things." This prospect was favourable in my estimation, and after breakfast I told captain Bernham that I wanted to leave him. He feelingly advised me for my own benefit to stay, but my unbending will refused to comply, and I foolishly left what little clothes I had, (excepting those I had on,) and went on board of the droger. One little incident that happened to me on board the last vessel, I must relate. I had got into a ridiculous habit of inconsiderate, profane swearing; we had a steady-going old man on board, who often reproved me, and I as often acknowledged my fault, and promised to break myself of the bad habit. One day, as the old man had occasion to put me in mind of my frequent promises, I proposed a plan whereby his warnings might prove to me more lasting. The plan was, that the first time he heard me swear, he should take a rope's end, and strike me as severely as he had a mind to do. He readily agreed to my proposal, and said he should promptly fulfil it. "Agreed," said I. The next morning, my foolish passion was excited in kindling the fire in the caboose, and I began to rave and curse wood, fire, smoke, and any thing that came in my mind; but ere I was aware, I received a lick across my back that made me smart sorely, but increased my passion. I swore still harder, and the old man struck harder; and as I repeated oaths, he repeated blows. Although I held out for some time, I was at length

constrained, much against my will, to do it, and I complained that he had hurt me very much. "None too much;" said the old man; "it was your own bargain, and I hope you'll keep the profits." My situation on board the droger was vastly different from what the captain had represented; he was a hard case—an old drinking sailor, of little learning, and less sense, as regards humanity. He could swear as roundly as any thing in human shape; and, with horrid imprecations, he would often say to me, "You want to go to school, do you, you d——d yankee son of a b—h?" and so he continued to tantalize me. He gave me many severe floggings, for trifling, frivolous, innocent gestures, or omissions of duty; sometimes he would stay at home, while we made a trip; which, in a measure, alleviated for the time, my condition. But, there were other difficulties, almost as bad, to be borne with. As all on board were blacks, and slaves, their allowance of provisions was scanty, and mine was among theirs: and as some of those blacks had wives on shore, with whom they wished to share their rations, there was constant contention among them, and I had to sit mute, and take what they chose to give me; I could frequently sing Robinhood's song; "Little comes to my share." No friend was near, in whose ear I could breathe with confidence my complaints, who would in any degree sympathize with, or feel for me. So much for inconsideration.

A servant of a servile slave,  
Who would my situation crave?

A child of folly doom'd to be  
By folly punish'd constantly.

After staying on board the droger about six weeks, I got on shore one night, and made tracks to a small port called Kelaquaw, a distance of six miles. At that place I got on board of a large British West-Indiaman, called the Eclipse. Some of the sailors of that ship's company were so ignorant, and so inveterate against the Yankees, that always when half drunk, they would display their valour in taking vengeance on me; and I got many a thump, attended by the imprecation d—d Yankee, and frequently had to secrete myself, while, with oaths that designated the spirit of fiends, they'd rave through the ship in search of me. I soon embraced an opportunity that presented itself, while I was on shore helping to fill water casks, hid myself in a cane field till night, then steered my course for Kingston, where I had left the droger. The schooner in which I came from America had long been gone on her return home, and there was no American vessel in the port. All the clothes I had were a check shirt and a pair of Russia duck trowsers, which I had on, (and it would have been a job for a washerwoman with a pound of soap to find out their original colour,) no hat or shoes. In this predicament I traced the streets and about the market, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and the chilly air by night, sleeping on stoops or under old boats turned bottom up on shore, for about three months. My miserable condition was more realized by a number of black women than it was by myself; for they frequently would call me as I was passing, and give me a few mouthfuls of something to eat from their scanty allowance, while the genuine pearly tears of sympathy would trickle down their sable cheeks. You need not

ask me why I am an abolitionist, for language is incapable of expressing my gratitude to the oppressed people with the dark skin. With the deepest emotion and anxiety of soul, each morning when I awoke, I would flatter myself that I should behold some American vessel in the bay, that had arrived during the night ; and when disappointed, I would go to the nearest elevation, where I could extend my vision on the smooth bosom of the blue deep, and, with intense gaze, stand awhile and return to the market, with a familiar, heavy, and dejected mind, and contemplate something like this :

Alas, that my mother was summon'd away,  
To leave me to hard-hearted strangers a prey :  
What peace could my father one moment enjoy,  
If he knew but the fate of his wandering boy ?

I once had a home ; yes, I once had a sire,  
Who readily granted each needful desire ;  
Now, to feed on the husks is my only employ,  
While there's few that will pity a wandering boy.

While the rich are supplied by the swell of the sail,  
Over oceans brought wide, urged on by the gale ;  
Pinching hunger, and want, all my peace does destroy,

None but slaves will assist a poor wandering boy.

At last there came to anchor in the bay a British 50 gun ship—a King's ship, full of troops. I saw her boat approaching the shore ; and I reluctantly moved towards the place where she landed, casting a wishful

eye towards the ship, thinking she would be a home for me, at least till I could get to some place where there were American vessels; when I intended to desert again: but my heart felt sad with the thoughts of going on board of a British man-of-war; as the ill usage I had recently received from some of their subjects, was fresh on my memory, and some of the marks visible. As I stood not far from the boat, in meditation, an officer (Mr. Smith, the sailing master,) stepped up towards me, and said—"What ship do you belong to, boy?" Confused with fear and anxiety, I told him, "None." He then called a sailor from the boat, who picked me up, and conveyed me to the boat, receiving his orders to deliver me to Mrs. Smith, his lady. The lady was happy at my appearance; for she had been without a boy some time: and with my dinner she urged me to drink so much wine, that I became very much intoxicated, and fell asleep. When I awoke, the first flash of sensation was like a soul born to gasp, and die. Oh, the sad gloom that hovered round my soul! Alas! I am in bondage.

Far distant the land, which would yield me delight,  
 Though the sunbeams in this, shines to others so bright,  
 In a whale of confusion, I am doomed to share;  
 And to please a proud mistress, must be all my care.  
 My will to her fancy must constant be true,  
 While self-satisfaction comes seldom in view;  
 Not a glimpse of the cause in myself could I find,  
 As conscience, my pilot, was sleeping, or blind.

One prevailing method of conforming subjects to a man-of-war is, the allowance of grog; it has a riveting



grasp on the sailor. The bustle of duty keeps his mind in employ; but the thoughts of grog makes his heart leap for joy. "The consequences of drunkenness are dreadful; but the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly ecstatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind; and Elysium, with all its glories, descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker. But what are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind; and the soul of the votary is filled with satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft, and not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems to himself to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the finest mist, passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance, and appear double. A gayety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded, and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born as it were within him. Some will tell the pleasure there is felt in being drunk; this, however, is not the most exquisite period of the pleasure of inebriation. The time is, when the person is neither drunk nor sober, but neighbour to both. The moment is, when the ethereal emanations begin to float around the brain—when the soul is commencing to expand its wings, and rise from earth—when the tongue feels itself somewhat loosened in the mouth, and breaks the previous scene of solitary gloom, which may have been deep and oppressing.

Many a man becomes a drunkard by necessity, who was never so inclined by nature—who is perhaps a person of amiable disposition, whom misfortune has overtaken, and who, instead of bearing up manfully against it, endeavours to drown his sorrows in liquor. It is an excess of sensibility, a partial mental weakness, an absolute misery of the heart, which drives him on. Drunkenness, with him, is a consequence of misfortune." I was depressed in spirit; I longed to see my father, sister, brother, and my native land. My mistress, to soothe my dejected spirit, (for she knew it well,) would compel me to drink frequently a glass of good old Jamaica rum; if it had not been good, I never should have learned to drink, for good as it was, I detested the taste of it. This may suffice to show how I became a drunkard, or at least started to be one. Alas! I expect too many know it by experience, who may keep sober long enough to read this book through; so I'll go on with my story.

I fared pretty well along for a while, till the other boys began to cast their slang at me for having the misfortune to be a Yankee. I bore it for a while, till I got angry and had to fight; but that was not the worst of it. I had to take a flogging, by order of an officer, for flogging my opponents; the officer reproved the other boys; but it was like the captain of the Little Belt, who was reproved by the British government for meddling on our coast, lost his commission as captain of a sloop of war, and got another for a 64 gun ship. So I had to stand the brunt, and fight it out, though I never was a fighter. I seldom ever fought till I was penned up in a corner, and got a blow or two.

The business of our ship (which was called the Coramandel) was to convey troops on an expedition to St. Bartholomew's, St. Martin's, St. Eustatia, St. Thomas', and St. Croix. These islands we captured from the Danes, Swedes, and French, about the year 1801. They surrendered without much fighting, and I thought there was not much need of it, for the yellow fever was taking them off 40 or 50 in 24 hours; 60 of the soldiers' wives died out of our ship, besides the men. After transporting troops from one island to another a few months, we went to Barbadoes, where we took on board a governor for the island of Curacoa, and a regiment of troops for the same place. Our passage was very pleasant, as it was all before the wind, and I embraced all the leisure time I could get to be aloft, on the look out for land. One day, as I was seated on the royal yard, in a playful humour, I sung out in a low tone of voice, "Land, ho!" but was suddenly seized with trembling fear upon being asked by the captain, "Where away?" I had to tell him that I saw no land, and that I did not think he would hear me from where I was. I felt sure of a flogging, but was happily disappointed, as all the punishment I got was to stay where I was till I could see the land; and most assuredly I should have had to stay up there a week, had not the land hove in sight; but I caught a view of it in less than an hour, and once more avoided a flogging, which about that time I was commonly well stocked with, and could spare one at any time. One cause of my getting frequently flogged was, my mistress was very partial to some of the sailors, Scotchmen, her countrymen, and she would often slyly treat

them, by which means her husband's stores were too suddenly diminished ; each bottle in the case was well noticed by Mr. Smith, and she always shoved the blame on me, telling him that I was a little Yankee thief, and sold the rum, when her back was turned, for fruit. If I had sold but half as much as she drank, I might have been constantly supplied with fruit, but I never sold a drop.

The town and harbour of Curacoa is worthy of having a description given of it by an able, cultivated mind, and I am sorry that I am not the one ; but I am under the obligation of doing what I can. It is small and barren, having a large town situated on each side of the entrance of a harbour on the south side. It lies in the Carribean sea, about 20 miles distant from the mainland of South America. Its numerous inhabitants are supported by traffic between other nations and South America ; they are a mixed mess of mongrels, originating chiefly from Hollanders, Spaniards, and Indians, having a tongue or language of their own. It was a glorious sight for them to see so large a ship as ours, sail through the entrance of the harbour that was directly through the town ; and the sight was no less glorious for us to see the windows crowded, the houses covered, and the wharves and shipping full of gazing spectators, who had never seen so large a ship in the harbour before. After sailing a distance of one mile, through a passage not more than three times the length of our ship in width, we immersed into a large bay, and came to anchor about half a mile distant from the shore, perfectly land-locked, where the water was as smooth as a mill-pond, having the appearance of a lake.

Debauchery and intemperance of every kind are extensively practised there. The females came on board to see the sailors by scores, and their dancing, songs, and actions, were pleasing to such as were void of morality. While we were sailing through the town, I observed a number of American vessels lying at the wharves, and my mind was in constant operation, contriving a plan to desert and get on board of one of them. There were numerous ravenous sharks in the harbour, that often made their appearance around our ship, and we lay at a distance of two miles from the town; so that an attempt to swim that distance, was a hazard I feared to undertake.

It was proposed to me one day, by a young mulatto, of our ship's company, that we could swim ashore to the land that was nearest to, and exactly ahead of the ship, and from thence walk to the town. This plan I had previously in contemplation, but there stood a fort and garrison on a hill near where I should have to land, and I feared being detected by the sentinel; and moreover, I wanted company, for my courage failed when it came night, after resolving to try it through the day, and I rejoiced to hear the young man's proposal. We lay that evening on the fore-castle by ourselves, contriving our plans of escape, till about eleven o'clock, when all on board were apparently asleep, except one sentinel, who was walking the quarter-deck. We stripped off our shirts and trowsers, rolled them snug together, tied them on the back of our necks, and very silently lowered ourselves into the water by a rope. While thus immersing into the water, naked, and unprotected from the sharks, a most horrible, thrilling sensation of

fear seized me in every part of my system, that almost deprived me of the power of action ; but a fresh supply of courage, so much needed, soon came to my assistance, and I struck out after my consort, who was already a few strokes ahead of me, pulling for the shore ; and, as in the case of Daniel of old with the lions, the Lord shut the sharks' mouths, and we reached the shore in safety. We crept along the shore among the rocks, in silence, till we got some distance from the fort, and as we were passing it, we could hear the sound made by the sentinel's feet as he walked to and fro. When we had walked about half a mile, to our sad dismay, another difficulty made its appearance ; for alas ! we were on an island, and the alternative was, swim again or be apprehended, as we could find neither boat nor canoe : so we tied our clothes on our necks, as before, and swam across, a distance, I suppose, of one-fourth of a mile. While I was making my way to land among the rocks, I stepped on a sea egg. This is a species of the testaceous order ; they are of oblong form, about as large as a man's fist, covered with very sharp spines, flat on the under part, where their mouth is ; the spines are their instruments of motion, which are connected to the outer skin. The spine of the white sea egg is not over half an inch long ; these are sometimes eaten by the West Indians ; they are found on sandy bottom. But the one I stepped on was very different, though of the same species ; it was the black sea egg, commonly found among rocks ; its body is small, its spines long and sharper than needles, and of course easily broken. These were the spines that were broken off, and the points remained in the sole of my

foot, which for an hour caused an excruciating pain, so that I could not move from the spot; and though the day was approaching, and we had landed in view of the ship, my consort did not leave me, but assisted me as soon as I could move, and we got into the town just at daybreak. We parted, and I got across the passage that led to the harbour, and went on board of a schooner that belonged to New-York, was received by the captain as cabin boy, and thought myself safe. They apprehended my consort that same day.

I felt in high glee, thinking I was going home, but was rather negligent and careless about keeping out of sight; and went about the deck, where my duty required me to be. It was suggested to me by one of the sailors of the vessel that I was on board of, that the captain had informed the British officers of my being on board of his vessel; the sailor also advised me not to stay on board, but to secrete myself somewhere on shore, and he would supply me with victuals. But the captain's kind treatment of me induced me to disbelieve the sailor's report. I staid on board, and alas! found the sailor's information too true. I had been three days on board, when one morning I saw the ship's barge approaching, with the captain in her. I knew not where to fly—no time to contemplate. Had I but started for the shore, I might have escaped; but it was not my doom. I ran into the fore-castle, and one of the sailors threw some dry bullocks' hides over me. I was in hopes they had not discovered me, but were only going to land close to the vessel I was in, for some exclusive purpose; but soon found these hopes vain, for one of the man-of-war's men came directly to the

scuttle where I was, and called me by name; my hopes vanished with the speed of thought, and with trembling I was compelled to approximate my foes. The captain gave charge to his cockswain to take me on board, and tell the commanding officer to give me three dozen. Three dozen! What a sound! It fell with the force of thunder upon my already depressed mind and heart, while trembling and reluctant I got into the barge; and while we were gliding toward my horrid home, at each stroke of the oars, the sound reverberated *three dozen!* and again, when climbing the ship's side, *three dozen* was sounding to my soul. I was told by the commanding officer to stand between two cannon, and watched the sailor's lips as he delivered his message, slightly hoping he might skip the *three dozen*; but again this little hope left me. But there was relief at hand, that I had not the least suspicion of. I felt as a culprit. I know not how to describe my feelings, other than by saying that I had a true falsified impression on my mind. I felt guilty, but I was not guilty; for I had no more business there, than queen Victoria has to come here and become my servant. It happened that the whole ship's company and officers were very busily engaged in getting the ship ready for sea. Mrs. Smith, on hearing that I was brought back, came out of her cabin, and asked the commanding officer what he intended to do with me? His answer was, "I'll see to him by and by." She said to him, "You are so engaged, I'll take him and punish him. I'll warrant you I'll learn the little scoundrel not to desert again!" The officer was glad to get rid of the task; so I was seized up to the mizen shrouds



by a favourite quartermaster, a townsman of Mrs. Smith's, who stood by while he gave me six lashes, and then told him that would do; that she guessed I would not desert again. So I went happily about my duty, and felt grateful for my good fortune; my mother had flogged me with more severity before I was six years old. But my consort, the poor mulatto, had no one to befriend him; he was flogged till the blood dropped upon the deck: the officers had suspicion that he decoyed me away, though I did not tell them so.

Our ship belonged to the windward West India station, and it was the captain's duty to proceed thither; but she was old and out of repair, and he thought it advisable to run to Jamaica, as it was nearer, and a smoother passage, as the trade wind blows from the eastward, and our course was not far from north-west: so we made sail, and arrived at Port-Royal, Jamaica. But the admiral was not pleased with our captain's proceedings, and ordered him to go with his ship to Martinico. This was a task—a distance, I suppose, of nearly a thousand miles, against a fresh head wind, most of the time a current too. But we had to try it; and after beating about a month, and having attained to about half-way distant between the east and west ends of St. Domingo, we were overtaken by a heavy gale, which caused the ship to labour and roll so shockingly, that she carried away her mizenmast, maintopmast, and some other spars. During this gale, it was with difficulty that the sailors could move about the deck; and not being able to cook, we had to eat raw meat, or go without. Mrs. Smith, to keep her spirits up, turned spirits down. She was a very lusty lady,

and once in a while, when the ship gave a few extra lurches, she would lose her hold, and tumble about the cabin, and bounce from side to side, as Jim Crow says, "more quicker than faster," every end upwards. I pitied her; but sad as her situation was, I had to stand and laugh, while she was striving to get breath enough to send me some imprecations for not stopping her motion. It was well for her that no one but myself saw her, or knew of her inebriated situation; her husband was strenuously engaged with the affairs of the ship. All we had to do now, was to up helm, square the yards, and run for Jamaica again. The admiral was not at all pleased in view of our approach, and he resolved, let wind or thunder prevail, our ship should go to Martinico. Accordingly, we were supplied with masts and spars that were necessary, also provisions and water, and set sail again.

In leaving Port Royal, there are shoals and sandbanks, some rocks and clay banks off the harbour, that extend eight or a dozen miles from the town, or place where the shipping lay. To clear these, it is necessary to take the advantage of the land wind, by getting under way very early in the morning; but some days the sea breeze comes in sooner than others. It happened so the day we set sail. The sea breeze came in fresh before we were clear of the shoals; the ship was brought upon the wind, and in staying she misstayed and struck with tremendous force on a bank, where she thumped with violence for four hours. We were in sight of the shipping in Port Royal, and we fired repeated signal guns of distress, till over 100 boats and a schooner were sent to our assistance. This

affair happened in the year 1802, the time of the short cessation of arms between Britain and Bony; and the French fleet that was sent on the expedition against the blacks at St. Domingo, was also lying at Port Royal, and we had many of their boats to our assistance. Our ship was towed into harbour, with the loss of her rudder, all her anchors, part of her cables, and part of her false keel. But the old admiral was not yet convinced of an opposing Providence; he insisted that our ship should go to Martinico. The poor pilot who was sent to pilot our ship out, being a king's slave, was hung without a trial.

As this narrative is chiefly intended to show the corruption of uncultivated human nature, with its inclination to folly, I shall take the liberty to relate one more, among the many incidents of my silliness. We had a large cook room in this ship, expressly for troops, separate from the room where the cooking was done for the ship's company and officers. As we had then no troops on board, this room was not occupied, but in it there stood a large caboose. One day, as I was searching under this caboose for fuel to cook my master's dinner, I routed out a small bag, with something in it which gingled like specie. I was not disappointed, for on untying it, I found it contained something like fifty dollars. I was glad, and I trembled; I was afraid some one else would find it, and I durst not take it out of the room, for fear some one would find out what I had got; and being in haste, I took out a couple of dollars, tied it up, shoved it under the caboose again, and kept it dark. But after a day or two, as I presented Mrs. Smith with some fruit, she accosted me

thus: "Where do you get so much fruit? I have observed your hands full of fruit half the time these three days." I was unprepared to answer; I had forgotten to provide against such an attack; I appeared to her as if guilty, and she accused me of selling provisions out of the store-room, which I with promptness denied. "Well then," said she, "tell me how you got it." I thought it best, and told her the truth. "O you little fool!" said she; "go right away, and see if it is there yet." I went, but it was missing; some one had been more cunning than myself. How the money came there, I never learned. It might have been stolen by some officer's servant, who, for fear of being detected, had deposited it under the caboose.

Our ship was fitted out, and sent for Martinico again. Our captain thought best to beat up close along the coast of South America, but we had fresh breezes on that coast also; it blew half a gale for three weeks, during which time I had much trouble to encounter with Mrs. Smith, who was constantly tipsy; and when in that situation, she felt very lofty. She had been very rich, had had many servants, and when she tasted the wine, or juice of cane, she felt high; she would not strike me, but, like the quaker, she'd "give me a bad name." She got so bad at last, that her husband took but little notice of her accusations against me.

One night, while we were buffeting the steady head wind, and force of the succeeding waves, the carpenter of the watch reported to the officer of the deck, that the ship had five feet water in her hold. This report caused an alarm to run through the ship, like the cry of murder through a country village in a calm night;

and all hands were quickly summoned to the pumps. The report is made by the carpenter to the officer every two hours; the previous report had been made at 12 o'clock, when there was but eighteen inches water in the hold, and the last report was made at 2; so you can judge how fast she leaked. We had six pumps; two were chain, and the others engine pumps; they were kept in constant operation till daylight, when they had gained but ten inches, and the sailors began to lag. We had a harbour, at a distance of fifty miles, under our lee, and they up helm, and put the ship before the wind, till we got within twenty miles of the harbour, which is called Carthagine; we were ten miles distant from the land, where we had to anchor, on account of the shallowness of the water, and our having no pilot on board. The sailors at the pumps just made out to keep the water from increasing its depth in the hold, when an officer proposed a plan that gave them relief. A spare sail was got on deck from the sail-room, and blankets were cut into strips and sewed all over it, which made it like a mat; when ropes were fastened to its corners, it was put over the fore-part of the ship, let down into the water, and drawn under the ship's bottom; the blankets sucked into the leak, the ship soon had the usual depth of water in her hold, and there were glad hearts among the sailors.

Our captain sent an officer with a boat's crew in the launch, that is, a large boat, into Carthagine for a pilot, but the wind was so strong against them that they could not return, and we had to lie ten or twelve days, when our captain, out of patience, ordered the anchor up, and run the ship off the harbour's mouth; then our

boat came off with a pilot, who conveyed our ship into a snug harbour, a few miles west of Carthagine, called Bocacheeca, that is, in English, small mouth. This harbour takes its name from the narrowness of its entrance; the description of the harbour answers very well for this. But there is an extra curiosity belonging to the harbour of Bocacheeca, which I think I shall add; and that is, the water in the harbour is so pellucid, that you might see a 25 cent piece on the bottom in seven fathoms water, while the water along the coast, and at the mouth of it, is very thick and muddy.

There lay in the harbour a British frigate, waiting for the release of about 150 British sailors; these were sent on board of our ship, to help us to pump if the leak should break out afresh. After lying there about a week, we made sail in company with the frigate, and arrived once more at Port Royal. Now the old admiral thought for sartin, that we must be freighted with Finland fairies. "What!" said he; "has that ghost-like old ship got back again?" Yes, and she stuck to him this time; she never sailed from that port again. They took out her stores, guns, ammunition, and ballast, and hauled her alongside of the wharf, at the navy yard, intending to heave her out, and repair her; but she was condemned as unfit for repair. This was a fatal time for many poor sailors. At Kingston, several perished with hunger, occasioned by their own folly, and the hard-heartedness of their officers. Peace was proclaimed, and the restriction on seamen, in the men-of-war, was lightened; they were permitted to go on shore by scores, on liberty, but a specific time was set for them to be on board again. Too many of them

were so strongly habituated to drinking, by their semi-daily allowance on board, that they gave full scope to their passions when they got on shore, carrying on all sail, swaying away on all top-ropes, as happy as mortals could be, regarding neither actions nor consequences, forgetting that time was on the wing, and seldom stopping till every means of getting grog was expended. then compelled reluctantly to return to their ships. The officers, by order of their commanders, were faithful to mark each man's time, and stood ready to oppose them, telling them to go on shore again, with vociferous language—such as, “ You are a lubberly rascal, an unfaithful scoundrel ; be off with you ! ” &c. Some of these men undoubtedly had been years in the service, and had their wages due them, and some of them much prize money ; but must submit to be thus duped out of it, to enrich their superiors in station and circumstances, or to enrich the nation for which their lives had so frequently been in danger, and oceans of sweat had been extorted from their weary bodies.

“ Oh, yes ! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,  
 And rays of bliss from its full circlet stream'd ;  
 But now neglect has stung him to the core,  
 And hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more ;  
 Depressing anguish winds his vitals round,  
 And added grief compels him to the ground.  
 Lo ! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,  
 The shades of death with gradual steps steal on,  
 While the pale victim, pining to decay,  
 Weeps for his loss, his wretched life away.  
 Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there,  
 Tell the poor pallid wretch, that life is fair ! ”

While our ship was lying alongside of the wharf at the navy yard, my mind was constantly in operation, contriving a plan to get away.

I thought upon the well known spot,  
My dear, my long-lost native home!  
When shall I reach the little cot,  
Where I shall rest, no more to roam?

The wall that enclosed the yard was about twenty feet high, and was extended several rods into the water, the part in the water being composed of long piles drove into the ground, with beam or plate extended along on their tops, in which beam were arranged a row of iron pickets, about a foot long, and six inches apart. I was prevented from swimming around this wall, by two obstacles; one was a sentinel—the other, the fear of sharks, which were large, numerous, and bold in that harbour. Near the wall, on the inside, there stood a long warehouse, one side of which was placed on the extremity of the wharf, over the water; at the inside of this building stood a sentinel, whom it was impossible for me to pass unperceived; but to pass him I was determined—and about 10 o'clock one evening, as all seemed to be asleep, I slid to the wharf on one of the cables that held the ship, crept to the end of the above-described warehouse, and by getting my toes among the stones that composed its foundation, and my fingers under the lapped boards, I succeeded in measuring the building from end to end, which brought me past the sentinel, but not outside of the wall. To surmount the next difficulty, was now for consideration. “How shall I get over the wall?” I was just



concluding to swim it, when I perceived a boat with a mast in her, lying near the wall. I made no delay, but got into her, and to my joy, found a pile of stone ballast in her; these I commenced shifting from the off to the inside of the boat, with care and caution to be silent, till the top of the mast nearly touched the top of the wall; I then climbed the mast, and reached the pickets, which I easily got through. But to drop myself from the top of the wall on the outside, appeared dangerous. For a large space, it was a filthy slough of mud, old boats and canoes, and broken glass bottles; but I could not retreat. I lowered myself down as far as I could by the pickets, and let go, sunk about half-leg deep into the mud, without harm, waded through it, and was in the town.

As present performances in each present circumstance were all I contemplated, not looking ahead, or exercising any logic, I had brought myself into a hobble, where no vista appeared; nor could I have got out of it, short of the interposing directions of an all-wise, overruling Providence. I was on the extremity of a narrow strip of land, that extended seven miles from the mainland of Jamaica—a barren, sandy palisade. A wall, beset with sentinels, across this palisade, enclosed the town on the back side; the town was constantly thronged with naval and military officers and men—and where was my retreat? This I had not once thought of. I strolled about an hour or so, then crept into a passage boat, rolled myself in one of the sails, and fell asleep. I was awakened by the master (and I think likely owner) of the boat, a stout mulatto, who was preparing his little vessel to take passengers to

Kingston. Some were already on board, and seated. "Hilloo, boy!" said he; "what you do here? Come, come, go ashore, go ashore." I began to plead with him to let me go up to Kingston with him; but my pleading would not have availed, for he was resolute on my going on shore, had not the sympathy of one of the passengers, a handsome mulatto girl, been excited in my behalf. She begged of him to let me go with them, and he told me to crawl in out of sight. The ship I left was not more than fifty rods from us, and we passed close by her, and I was landed at Kingston, where there were plenty of merchant vessels, and plenty of poor sailors that could get no employ; this was only five miles from the ship I left.

From wharf to wharf, each ship to view,

With hope and strong desire;

But found, alas! my hopes untrue,

When forced to retire.

When hope, about to take his leave,

Had let me feel despair,

At once there came a kind reprieve,

That made my prospect fair.

After searching diligently all day, in vain, for an American vessel, whose captain would grant me an asylum from approaching want for my servitude, about sunset I hit on the right one. It was a sloop that belonged to Connecticut; they heard my narrative with attention, and told me I was welcome to sail with them to New-York. After discharging her cargo, we proceeded to the palisades, took in ballast, and then returned to Kingston. There was now for me but one

apparent difficulty ahead, and that was, we had to pass near the ship from which I had deserted, to get out to sea. We proceeded, and passing the ship, came to anchor, say two miles beyond her; the captain of the sloop I was in took the boat, and all hands but one went on shore, the captain being obligated to clear out at that custom-house. I was so fearful of being apprehended, that I crawled into an empty flour barrel, that was in the run under the cabin floor. Here I fell asleep, and was awakened by the man on deck calling to me, telling me to come up; "for (said he) they have come for you." My hopes were again far away. "Alas, my sad fate!" was the reply of my soul; "am I doomed yet to slavery?" While in this deplorable, dejected moment of reflection, the man said to me, "Come up, and sit in the cabin; you need not be so afraid; if they knew that you were here, they'd have you; but they don't know it, and all you've got to do is to keep out of their sight." Now again was my spirit revived; the captain returned, and the next morning the land wind wafted us out of sight of the ship, island and all.

We were eighteen days buffeting a stiff trade wind that was ahead, when we had to put into a place called Platform Bay, for the purpose of obtaining fresh water. This bay is in St. Domingo, and this was the time of the insurrection by the blacks, under their leader Tusang. Each party, blacks and whites, were at that time perpetrating the most horrid acts of barbarous murder and massacre. As the bay where we landed was surrounded with mountainous, craggy cliffs, and the few white families that resided there kept all their

valuables in their boats, ready at a moment's alarm, they were not in danger; as the disturbance had not as yet reached that part of the island.

We set sail from that place, intending and expecting in a short time to inhale the free air in the land of freedom. But the fresh north-east trade prevented us from weathering the east end of Cuba; and after beating many days, when we had obtained our object in weathering the cape, and were in a fair passage to sail for New-York, another accident happened, which caused us to alter our course. The step of our mast gave way, the vessel sprang a leak, and we had to bear away for New-Providence, as it was the nearest harbour of note under our lee. After constant pumping for several days, we reached the above-mentioned port, and ran the sloop on shore, to prevent her from sinking; the water was already over the cabin floor, notwithstanding our utmost exertions at the pumps. As I was only a passenger, and felt rather dissatisfied with my accommodations, I embraced the first opportunity, and got safe on shore; but soon found I had got into another place of starvation; for the first object that attracted my notice was a poor old horse feeding upon shavings, and he appeared as if he had been fed upon scraggy oak branches. I strayed about the town three or four hours, then went and seated myself on the wharf, near a boat that belonged to an American sloop which lay at a small distance from the shore, expecting that some of the crew would soon come to go on board; there was only one more American vessel in the port, and that was a very small schooner. I was not disappointed; for I had not sat there fifteen minutes,

when the captain of the sloop came. I soon made my situation known to him, and he told me to jump into the boat. I did so, went on board, and was at home at once, or as contented as if I had been a twelvemonth on board. My last captain sold his old sloop, and he and all his crew took passage in the sloop with me. We took in a cargo of mahogany and pine apples, and made sail; had a short and pleasant passage, and I was once more safely landed on my (*then*) happy native shore, at New-York.

And what allur'd me to this shore?

A mother? no—she was no more.

A father dear I long'd to see,

But house, or home, was not for me.

I left the sloop that I came from the West Indies in, though the captain desired, and expected, that I would continue with him; got on board of another, and went to Albany. I was then within twenty-five miles of the place where my father resided, but had no thoughts of going to see him; but a passenger that came with us from New-York, knowing my father, told him where I was. I was as blithe and independent as any free negro, getting the dinner ready for about twenty gentlemen passengers, (who were already on board, and expected to set sail in a few minutes for New-York,) when a gentleman met me on deck, and, without ceremony, calling me by name, asked me how I did? I thought it a little strange, and told him he had the advantage of me—that I did not know *his* name. “Don’t you know your father?” said he. I looked up—it was enough; I beheld the manly tear of joy and sorrow

dropping from his cheek ; but alas ! I was insensible to his feelings. He told me I must accompany him home, but it was not my desire. My present captain was a clever man, and just ready to set sail, and I did not like to leave him destitute of a cook ; but my father insisted that I should go home with him, and I complied. My father's desire was, that I should get some education ; "and then," said he, "if you have a mind to go to sea, you can act your pleasure." The first person to whom I was introduced on my arrival at home, was a stepmother. I did not much admire her appearance, and it went against the grain for me to call her mother ; but I hung on at home, and went to school about three months ; when silly fancy prompted me to watch a chance—and one Sunday, while my father and his wife were at church, I made out to get the drawer open, took some cash, got into the stage, and that evening was landed in Albany.

I felt within, a glowing fire,  
 And wandering was my soul's desire ;  
 As little thought of storms ahead,  
 As if hard fate had long been dead ;  
 A present bliss was all my care,  
 Nor ever thought how I should fare,  
 Next week, to-morrow, or next year.

For the space of two years, I did not go to sea, but staid chiefly on shore ; hired at many places, but could not content myself at any ; attempted several times to learn some trade, but each resolution soon became stale. There was a constant restless anxiety for something—I could not tell what.

# A VOYAGE TO ST. DOMINGO,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE  
*EFFECTS OF THE INSURRECTION.*

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“ And oft at midnight, when the desert storm  
Broke o’er the fields, their beauty to deform,  
Hurling the branches of the trees on high,  
Leaving the cottage roofless to the sky,  
Or—worse than woes of elemental strife,  
The savage death-shot and the reckless knife,  
Which knew no mercy, from the locks of gray,  
To the fresh brow, that in the cradle lay,  
How shrunk the Pilgrim’s heart, amid his care,  
Lest God should give his labours to despair!  
Those fears are over, with the Pilgrim’s toil—  
He sleeps in peace beneath the blood-drench’d soil.”

IN the year 1804, I was in my sixteenth year. One fine summer day, as I was strolling along the wharves in the city of New-York, my attention was excited by the glorious appearance of a large ship lying in the stream. Her banners were gently waving, agitated by the soft south air from the ocean; her topsails were loose, and sheeted home; she had a row of hard metal bulldogs, pointing their white heads through square holes, at regular distances, in the ship’s side; and to enliven my mind, and add tenfold lustre to the object of my delight, the drum and fife were in active use on board of her. As I was then out of employ, the impression on my mind was, “ if they want a boy on board of that ship, I’ll go.” A gentleman stepped up to me,

and said, "Do you want a ship?" I told him, "Yes, if he had one to spare." "Do you want a birth to go to sea?" said he; "there's a fine ship, and I'll give you ten dollars per month to go in her." I agreed, and went on board, without asking, or much caring, whither she was bound.

I suppose you know that this was about the time that the French gave up the strife with the blacks at the island of St. Domingo, the latter having gained their liberty, after a desperate and bloody struggle. As those blacks were in expectation that the French would renew their attack upon them, and they stood in need of arms, ammunition, provisions, and stores of every description, it opened an opportunity for speculation to those of our Yankee adventurers who were able to fit out armed vessels, and would run the risk of having them captured by the French, who were making use of every effort to prevent their opponents (the blacks) from getting assistance.

We got under way, and had to sail close past two French frigates, then lying a little below the city of New-York. They were well acquainted with the object of our voyage, and their numerous crews were ranged along their ships' sides, where they stood mute, with intent gaze at our ship, as we passed, our music tauntingly playing "Yankee Doodle." This was not a Yankee trick; our captain was a sturdy old tar, a native of Britain. We had to run under easy sail for several days, till we got the ship in preparation for action. We had to make boarding nettings, as we expected to have to repel the crew of some French Privateer. Though we spoke several vessels, it was our



good fortune to shun the enemy; and we sailed on to the south, through Turks' Island passage, and arrived safe at Cape Francois, St. Domingo. The blacks were much rejoiced at our arrival, fired several salutes, and the city was in an uproar with shouting and music—though, at the same time, there were three hundred putrifying human bodies lying in heaps across each other, in a church, not 40 rods from where our boats landed. There had been, shortly previous, a massacre of white French, men, women, and children. These unhappy victims, when the city was besieged by the blacks, had fled to the church, thinking that its sacred rights would appal their opponents; but they were too hardened with rage, they had no pity.

We landed some of our cargo at Cape Francois, consisting chiefly of arms and powder, then proceeded to the bite of Leeugan, to a small port called Gunives. At that place, the blacks were using exertion, and improving every moment in building fortifications on hills and mountains surrounding the town; not an individual was exempt from labour, who was able to lift a stone five pounds' weight, women or their children. Our ship's company were 75 in number, a sturdy set of fellows. When the captain gave orders to heave the anchor up, to make sail from that place, the men refused to obey; they were dissatisfied about the quantity of liquor they received as their rations. The captain and his mates insisted and commanded them to do their duty. "That we are doing," was the unanimous answer from the sailors. "It is your duty to perform according as you agreed, in New-York, when we signed the articles. Do that, and we'll get your ship

under way, or any thing you desire of us." One of the owners of the ship was on board, who urged the captain to compel the sailors to their duty. A bloody fight ensued, several were wounded, and the officers had to retreat to the quarter-deck. A small boat was despatched to the shore by our officers, and we were soon visited by a small vessel, filled with black troops. After another short fracas with the soldiers, the sailors submitted; nineteen of them were manacled, and delivered to the custody of the blacks, who, by the glorious sound of drums and fifes, conveyed them to the shore, where they were compelled to serve the blacks at hard labour, building forts, for about three months, while we proceeded with the ship to Port au Prince. We had a black pilot on board; but our captain, made more wise by the effects of brandy, took the charge from him, and altered the course the pilot had given to the helmsman. The pilot told him he would run the ship aground, but the captain abused him. We were sailing with a fair wind and a good breeze, when the ship ran on to a sand bank. It is a task to describe the situation of the captain's mind on this occasion. He was confused, and must have felt guilty; but to stifle these disagreeable feelings, he stamped, swore, and found fault with every thing but himself. To remedy this evil, and get the ship afloat again, all hands were employed hoisting out of all the hatchways, and heaving overboard goods for twelve hours, with little intermission; hogsheads and pipes of liquor were stove in the hold, and their contents forced overboard by the ship's pumps; so you may imagine what the merchant gained by trying to save a little from the allowance of

the sailors. We were about five miles from land, and were favoured with a light breeze from the shore; had there been a stiff sea breeze, as there commonly is daily at that place, our ship would in all probability have been a gone case.

We got the ship afloat again; and proceeded to Port au Prince, where she was safely moored, the sails unbent, and the topmasts struck. Our merchant had a large store on shore, filled with goods, which he was exchanging for coffee at an incredible profit. The inhabitants of that island, who had but recently gained their freedom by a long and bloody struggle, now concluded to put themselves under the despotic power of an emperor, whose name was Desalines; and there was great ado, rejoicing with music and firing, the day he was crowned; seven armed American vessels that were lying in port, each gave him the honour of a grand salute. Though those blacks are represented as a barbarous, relentless people, they pay attention to devotion; we could see the emperor and his retinue, at the head of his officers and soldiers, following the sound of music to church on Sundays. They are all Roman Catholics; when they are good, they are too good. There were many white French at that time in that place, secreted in cellars. This was known to Mr. Forbes, our merchant, who had formed a plan for their liberation. To accomplish this plan, the ladies were dressed in the habiliments of young sailors, besmeared with filth and tar, by which means they passed the custom and guard houses, got into our boats, took hold of the tiller, pretending to steer the boat, as a sailor would, and got on board of our ship, without

exciting the suspicion of the blacks. The children were put in sacks, and brought to the boats on the shoulders of the sailors, as they did the marketing. Those that were too young to have sense enough to keep silent, while passing on board, were compelled to take laudanum; a little too much of this tincture was given to one of them, which caused its death: we durst not take it on shore for interment, for fear of the blacks finding out our smuggling proceedings, and it was hove overboard, with weights fastened to it, as if we had been at sea. In a day or two after it was buried, the sharks found it, tore the weights from it, and it rose to the surface. I saw a shark when it took the last mouthful of it. Its mother, at the same time, was sitting on the quarter-deck; but she did not perceive what was going on with her child, neither did any one tell her.

There was a ship called the *Nancy*, of Charleston, South Carolina, ready to sail. Mr. Forbes had succeeded in conveying two white French ladies and four children into our boat in the evening, intending to convey them on board of the *Nancy*; but they were apprehended by the relentless blacks, who were so enraged, that they threatened to take our ship, and massacre all hands—which they could have done, as our decks were so lumbered that we were in no situation for defence; but happily the affair was hushed up on our part, by the effects of money, I expect; but the unfortunate ladies and children were massacred the next day. At that time, there was a native of that island, a mustee, that had command of a British frigate, called the *Tartar*. He sailed in, and came to anchor in the

offing, not far from our ship. His intention was to get the emperor on board of his ship, and take him to Jamaica; as the white French residing at that place had offered \$30,000 for his head. He feigned such friendship for the emperor, that he got him on board to dine with him. When the emperor got on board of the Tartar, his suspicion was excited by some means, and he slipped a note into the hand of one of his attendants, and sent him on shore. This was done slyly, without the knowledge of captain Perkins. There was a boat's crew and some officers on shore, belonging to the Tartar; and the note from the emperor gave orders that they should be kept in custody till he came on shore; so captain Perkins had to try some other experiment for \$30,000, or go without. Here again I had to suffer the natural results of my dissatisfied disposition, which never failed to cost me more trouble than gain. We had a chap on board, whose mind was of a piece with my own; and we agreed to shift our situation, which we could accomplish only by desertion. Our plan being formed, we got into the small boat about midnight, when we thought all were asleep. We had shoved off, and were pulling for the shore, when an officer heard us, and threatened us with a musket ball, but he was too late. We got on shore, and made the best of our way out of the town, following the sea-shore, till daybreak, when we came to a heap of bones, where there had been a massacre; the flesh on them was not wholly decayed; it was a horrid sight, and a sickening smell. We fell in with a few small miserable huts, where dwelt some fishermen, and my consort, who could speak a few words of French, inquired the way

to the main road that led to Larkahay; they directed us, we found it, and jogged on a few miles, till we were stopped by a guard of black soldiers. After a short consultation among them, we were compelled to follow one of them through the bushes and woods, a distance of about two miles, to the habitation of an old black man, who must have been something in office—whether bishop, or deacon, I know not. He could read a little; my consort showed him an American protection, as a pass; the old man made out the word American, which relieved him from the suspicion that we were French, and he let us pass.

We travelled some distance through a pleasant vale, sadly perplexed by moschettoes, till we came to a rapid stream, which we durst not attempt to ford. We were at a loss for some time, till there came along a man with some mules, who permitted us to cross the stream, each on one of his animals. Again we congratulated each other with our good fortune, as we tramped on. About 10 A. M., we came to where we had to ascend a mountain; and the rays of the sun being intense, our thirst became almost insupportable. As we progressed on the craggy side of the mountain, the sun rose to its zenith, and its heat was more and more scorching. Our thirst increased—not a drop of water to be found. We could not leave the road, as briars and thorns appeared to be on every thing that grew; yet the blacks will race through the bush there, like hounds through a pleasant meadow in the cultivated part of America. I was about giving up, to lie down and submit to my fate, when we met a man descending the mountain with a mule. My consort asked him for water; he shook

his head. "*Moy par tinne glo*," was his answer; that is Creole French, and signifies, "I have got no water;" but he gave us half of a water melon, which we accepted, feeling duly grateful. Never was any thing so sweet and refreshing to my taste and desire. Here let me remark, that we never are likely to appreciate the value of a blessing, till we are deprived of it; for instance, simple breathing; and it is almost as bad to be deprived of water in a hot climate, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, as of breath.

We reached the summit of the mountain, and were descending, when we came to a running stream. I lay down and drank, and was loath to leave it; the remembrance of my suffering, but an hour before, being yet fresh; but we had to travel on. At the base of the mountain, we were arrested by a group of black soldiers, who conducted us to the governor, at Larkahay. This man was jet black, wore two epaulettes, two gold watches, and had two beautiful young mulatto wives; they appeared to me to be twins; one of them could speak a few words of English; and while I was there, she sought and got an opportunity to express herself to me, as being wretchedly miserable. A council of officers was called at the governor's residence. One of them could read and speak a little English, and my consort's American protection would not serve as a pass with them; so we were kept there under the care of a sentinel, till the next day. We were permitted to view the town, accompanied by a soldier, who showed us their barracks, which had been a beautiful church, but had been sadly disfigured by cannon ball, and was now in a ruinous condition. In this church, I was much

affected at the sight of a large elegant painting, that was hanging by one corner against the wall. It was a representation of Christ, St. Peter, and the vessel; the latter attempting to walk on the water, and the former in the act of saving him from sinking. There were many more pictures, and implements for devotional purposes, about the church, in as proper use as ever they were.

When the sea breeze came in, we were put on board a small vessel, with a soldier to attend us, and sent back to Port au Prince, and delivered to Pityang, a general under the emperor, afterwards president of that nation. As our captain soon got tidings of our arrival, we were conducted on board of our ship, and the conclusion was to me rather painful; the small cords made my back feel as if fire was applied. We took on board about six hundred tons of coffee, which cost about one dollar per hundred; and succeeded in smuggling on board thirty-two white French ladies and children. It would be difficult to ascertain whether Mr. Forbes rendered assistance to those unhappy beings from motives of benevolence, or gain; as I was informed that the French government paid one thousand dollars for each individual thus brought away.

We shaped our course for New-York, having nothing to fear but boisterous weather, and French privateers; the former we had plenty of, but luckily avoided the latter. Our sturdy crew soon raised a breeze among the grog-shops and dens of infamy, when we arrived. It was knock down, and drag out, every thing in human shape that opposed or thwarted their notions. As yet, I had not allowed myself to partake with them in



their most vicious career ; I kept from debauchery and inebriation. One evening, a shipmate, a young fellow that boarded in the house where I did, asked me to take a walk with him. I went along, having an idea that he was intending to take me to some house where some of our shipmates boarded. After turning a few corners, I found myself within the sound of cheerful music. As we drew near to a door, where all was bustle and confusion within, I lagged back. My consort perceived my timidity, and began to shame me. "What!" said he. "You going to be a sailor, and afraid to go into a dance-house! Oh, you cowardly puke! Come along! What are you standing there for, grinning like a sick monkey on a lee backstay?" I was a coward, but did not like to be called one; so, to wipe off the stain, I mustered spunk enough to enter. The first opposition I met was a thick fog of putrified gas, that had been thoroughly through the process of respiration, and seemed glad to make its escape. It was a small room, well filled with human beings of both sexes. There was a big darkie in one corner, sweating, and sawing away on a violin; his head, feet, and whole body, were in all sorts of motions at the same time. To increase vigour, and elate the spirit of fun, there stood by his side a tall swarthy female, who was rattling and flourishing a tambourine with uncommon skill and dexterity; and to complete the scene of action, there were six or eight more on the middle of the floor, jumping about, twisting and screwing their joints and ankles as if to scour the floor with their feet. It was "Hurrah for the Sampson!" (the ship I had performed the last voyage in.) There were

some drinking, some swearing, some fighting, some singing; some of the soft-hearted females were crying, and others reeling and staggering about the room, with their shoulders naked, and their hair flying in all directions. "Ah!" thinks I; "Is this the recreation of sailors? Let me rather tie a stone to my neck, and jump from the end of the wharf, than associate with such company as this!" and I made a glad retreat. Had I been allured into some of the more decent recesses of debauchery, it would have had a different effect on my mind, and most likely I should have been induced to keep such company, and practise their vices, sooner than I did; but I had seen enough to last me several years.

As I was rambling along the wharves one day, I fell in with captain John May. This gentleman had been first lieutenant of the Connecticut, the first ship I sailed in from New-London. He commanded a vessel then nearly ready to sail, and solicited me to go with him, offering me good wages. I agreed, purchased a chest, and a good stock of clothes. We set sail, and proceeded to Guadaloupe. Captain May indulged me with all I could wish. So great was his kindness to me, that those captains of other vessels who occasionally visited ours, took me to be his son. All the vessel's stores and provisions were committed to my care. Even the mate had to ask me for any thing he wanted, though it was much against his inclination; for he was jealous, and would have treated me ill, if the captain had not been my friend. These things I mention, so that you may understand the sad effects of misspent time, and good opportunities neglected.

Here again, while destructive fate was severing human spirits from their bodies, I was permitted only to view the disastrous effects, without feeling them. The yellow fever was taking from American vessels about twenty every twenty-four hours. This was in 1805, a year to be noted for acts of vain glory; for instance, the battle of Trafalgar. The French fleet ran through the West Indies, taking, ransoming, and burning different places. The fleet was commanded by Jerome Bonaparte. There were eighteen vessels fitting out at that time at Guadaloupe, privateers, for the purpose of scouring the ocean in quest of lawful plunder. We got a cargo of sugar, and set sail for New-York.

After encountering several tedious blasts, we made the land near Sandy Hook. It was in the latter part of February; the wind blew a stiff breeze from the north. As our captain did not know how to take advantage of the tide, and the pilots did not make their appearance, we, with a dozen other vessels, had to box about, in sight of land, for ten days, till our vessel was completely covered with ice ten inches thick; some of our hands were so frost-bitten, that they lost the use of some of their limbs. Here again I was the lucky boy; for my employment was to get wood from the hold, keep the stove warm in the cabin, and dry the sailors' stockings and mittens. We were much rejoiced when the wind backed to the westward, and permitted us to sail up to the city. Captain May was eager to have me abide with him, telling me I did not know when I had a friend. Here he was mistaken; I was not insensible to his kindness, but I did not like the voyage he was going to undertake. I told him he would get

taken by the British, and it happened so. Another reason I had for leaving him was, I was then in my seventeenth year, and had formed a resolution to go to Connecticut, and learn a trade.

When I got to Middletown, Connecticut, I tried it a spell at blacksmithing, but could not make it go good. I quit it, went in a brig to Guadaloupe, and returned in two months and ten days. I made another voyage to the West Indies, in which nothing uncommon happened. At Middletown, I became intimately acquainted in the family of an old sea captain, who had four lovely daughters. One of them I regarded as the handsomest and noblest of all human forms. I also had the evidence that my regard was by her not slighted. As I became more intimate with her, she would often express her desires for my promotion in life; and, with cheerfulness glowing in her countenance, tell me I was fit for something better than a common sailor. I was also aware of this, and viewed the time as not far ahead, when with her I should enjoy hymeneal felicity. Her father and mother both agreed to make me welcome; but alas! my instability led me to another course.

“How have the garlands of my childhood wither’d,  
And hope’s false anthems died upon the air!  
How like a whisper on the inconstant wind,  
The mem’ry of lost chances stirs the mind!”

There is so much extra labour on board those vessels that export live cattle, and so much filth, that I gave up sailing out of Connecticut, returned to New-York, and got on board of a Hudson river sloop, in which I

sailed till the river froze up. I then went to school, at the Burrough, Saratoga county, for two months. Here I accumulated friends, by acting the part that I intended should be right. My brother, then about fourteen years of age, was learning the blacksmithing business at that village; and hearing my character extolled a little by the inhabitants, he thought it was on account of my being a sailor; and though I used every argument in my power to dissuade him from it, he would be a sailor. He went to New-York in the spring of 1806, and went to sea. I have not seen him since.

## A TOUR OF THREE YEARS AND A HALF;

In which the author was taken by a British man-of-war—sailed to Halifax, Quebec, and London—vain career—impressed into the British service—their officers intrigue to detain him—he makes his escape at the Cape of Good Hope—sails to the West Indies, thence to London, Russia, and Sweden—returns to London—sails from thence to the West Indies, and from thence to Baltimore.

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How false the portrait fancy does present!  
We view in strife, the picture of content.  
But who can say that earth has seen that good,  
Which man might not make evil, if he would?

IN June, 1806, I sailed from New-York, in a brig bound for France. We were captured by his Britannic majesty's ship *Driver*. They sent our brig to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and kept us on board the *Driver* a few days, while she was ranging the ocean in search of more prizes. We sailed into Halifax, where I was permitted to go on shore. As I could not get a chance to return to the States in any vessel, and being destitute of money, and almost of clothes, I shipped, and went in an English brig to Quebec, and from thence, in another ship, to London. As my wages in the last ship had been extra, I had about sixty dollars when I arrived at London, and might have increased my store by staying on board, as the captain wished me to do;

but I thought I was a sailor, and should disgrace myself if I did not do as the rest did—viz. to go on shore to a boarding-house as soon as the ship was made fast, and the sails furled. The numerous allurements that met my vision, and were so nicely arranged and calculated to suit my desire, soon lightened my purse. I found myself sad and dejected. The most bewitching, soul-enchanting of all the fascinating inducements that cleared the way to my sorrow, was the theatre. I would have sold two meals each day, and gone hungry, to procure money to get into this den of arch-mockery. I sold all my best clothes, and every thing that would fetch a shilling, to keep up this silly nightly career; and I thought I could not go to sea, and abandon its felicity.

After my chink was expended, which lasted but a few days, after I got on shore, my landlady began to express her desire that I should look out for a berth to go to sea; and her looks were not pleasing. If I came in at evening without a prospect, she was not at a loss in making her mind known in plain words. Her tongue would rattle like the wheels of a double engine steamboat. She was one of the sharp avaricious sort. If a boarder (after his money was gone) asked for the third slice of bread and butter, or cup of hot water, which she termed tea, she would quick tell him he had had two. It is customary for sailor boarding-house keepers to credit their boarders after their money is gone, till they get a berth; and then take their pay out of the sailors' advance wages. It happens sometimes that the landlord or lady meets with loss, as some give them the slip; while those that are honest often

have to help make up the loss by being scantily fed. The before-mentioned old lady was one of the right cut for this business; as she could purchase half-a-pound of butter on Monday morning, and have three-fourths of it left on Saturday evening, for Sunday. To dissolve this mystery, I will tell you how she accomplished it; she would hold the loaf in her lap, and keep it partly under the table, to prevent those that were sitting round the table from watching her motions. Then she would take some butter on her knife, and spread it on the bread so nicely, that she scraped off a little more than she put on; then scrape it into the butter dish again: thus she was constantly increasing her store, which she made use of at tea, in the afternoon, when the boarders were not present. She had a knack of cutting the bread so delicately thin, that you might discern a fellow's whiskers through a slice of it across the street; it only required a little more baking to make it answer the purpose of horn for lanterns. You will think it strange, if I tell you the truth; that is, after all her avarice, the old lady ended her days in the alms-house.

When I could not remain any longer on shore—when I could not raise a shilling to get into the theatre, and my clothes were so ragged that I was ashamed to appear in the street, I agreed to go up the Mediterranean, in one of my own country ships. Though I was so indiscreet in my behaviour, I used no ardent spirits as yet. To put me in mind of my inconsiderate folly, while in London, I had to endure extreme hardships, for a long time, being buffeted about with head winds, in the channel of England, for six weeks, in ex-



ceeding cold weather, in the months of November and December.

Now this was no sport—for to me it was killing;

I thought of the jacket I sold for a shilling.

Extreme was my folly—you surely will say,

You had a good reason to think of the play.

I thought I'd do better, if ever I landed,

And not let my passions go so uncommanded:

But though I've been cautious in going to the play,

I've made up the measure in some other way.

One night, in a most severe gale, which blew so furious that no canvass could stand it, we were caught in a lee shore, called Beachy Head. This is a chalk cliff about 300 feet high, almost perpendicular. We were comelled to let the ship drive as wind and waves directed. No efforts of our own could avail us any thing; each officer, captain, and sailor, like a statue, kept his place, mute, in solemn meditation, preparing to meet the "king of terrors." While there is hope, we are bold to extreme; but when this cheer of life is wholly obscured, and not even a hope of his return, the *lion* becomes a *lamb*. The vociferous language of our tyrannical, conceited captain and his mates, was not heard, in this our dismal situation. How soon, when the wind favoured, and abated a little, was the clamour renewed; and, as we crawled from the shore, it increased. We put in to Portsmouth, to repair damages. We were boarded by a boat from a British man-of-war. One of the officers swore that I was an English subject; my protection was by them taken from me.

I was forc'd to comply, 'twas no use to deny;  
 No justice, but tyranny carried the sway:  
 I was forc'd to remain there, in sorrow and pain,  
       where  
 All hopes of my freedom was banish'd away.

The ship on board of which I was impressed, was called the *Cormorant*, and was one of a squadron of six men-of-war, then under sailing orders, and commanded by Admiral Murray. With a dejected mind, I had to commence my duty. The next morning the signal was made on board the admiral ship to weigh anchor, and put to sea. The wind, which had been blowing for six weeks almost constantly from the westward; had now shifted to the north, for a few hours. Before we had sailed ten leagues, the wind began to blow a stiff gale ahead; some of the ships sprang their topmasts, and the signal was made to bear away. So we ran back, and came to anchor. I asked the captain for my protection, telling him I wished to send it to the American consul at London. But he bluffed me from his presence, refusing to comply.—With some difficulty I obtained half a sheet of paper, on which I sent a few lines to the consul, soliciting his assistance in getting me clear. But the wind was again fair before I got an answer; so that, with a sad heart, I was compelled to help to get the ship under way; and we proceeded to the Cape De Verd Islands. As the *Cormorant* was a dull sailer, and detained the squadron, it was our good fortune to be sent back to England, where we arrived in six weeks, after a very boisterous passage. A few days after our arrival, I was

much delighted by receiving an answer to the letter which I sent to the consul before we sailed. The consul told me to get my protection and send it to him; and if I could not get it, to write to my friends in the United States, and that my letters should be forwarded free of expense. I had a protection, and had no desire of remaining in bondage till letters could be returned from America; so I showed the letter to the captain of the Cormorant, who told the first lieutenant to tell Mr. McBeth, the sailing master, (this was the officer that impressed me, and had taken my protection from me,) to give me my protection, adding, "he wants to get clear from our service." This was all a scheme to detain me till the ship was ready for sea. As Mr. McBeth was then on shore, I was compelled to wait, under the operations of anxiety and hope, till he came on board again; which was not till the expiration of three days; when, with a renewed portion of confidence, I asked him for my protection, telling him at the same time that the first lieutenant could testify that he was requested to give it to me. His answer was, that he could not give it to me without verbal orders from the captain. Hope again fled, and despair made his appearance; for the captain was then on shore. Thus I was humbugged, till the ship was nearly ready for sea. It happened one day that the captain and Mr. McBeth were both on board. I was called, and had the pleasure of receiving my protection, which I immediately sealed in a letter, and sent to the consul at London. After a few days I received an answer, telling me to abide contented, that I should soon be free from the British service. But their plan was too deep.

for me or the consul ; though the latter took my protection to the board of Admiralty, from whence it was again sent back on board the ship, for the purpose of having me thoroughly examined by it. When I was in anticipation every hour, of getting my liberty, I was one morning surprised by being called into the ward-room, and beholding my protection in the hands of the British officers. This was on Friday ; and on Sunday morning following, it was heart-sickening to me, to have to turn to, and help to get the ship under way, and make sail for a foreign station, out of the reach of the consul's influence. I was afterwards informed that my legal clearance was on board when we set sail. They had another scheme to baffle the efforts of the consul in getting American seamen clear from their service ; which was, to keep shifting the sailor from ship to ship, so that the consul's letters could not get to him. The ignominy of British naval officers in general, was clearly developed by their practising, glorying, and permitting their ships to become recesses of debauchery. There were one hundred and ten males belonging to the Cormorant ; and while we lay at Portsmouth, there were constantly over one hundred female cannibals on board. When they saw that I was disgusted by their base language and practices, they gave me but little rest ; and sought every opportunity to perplex me, adding grief to my sorrow. It was some relief to my mind to see them compelled to leave the ship, as we were getting under way ; though there was lamentable howling among them, and much moisture about the eyes and noses of some of the sailors, at their departure. We had under our charge a fleet of

transports, an expedition for the river La Plate. It was bitter cold weather. I belonged to the maintop; and suffered much in having to sit two hours upon a stretch, at the maintopmast head, tending a light by which the fleet might see to follow us. We soon got into a warm climate, and came to anchor at St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd islands. Here I attempted to swim on shore in the night, a distance of two miles; but there was too much wind, and I was afraid of sharks. I got into the launch under the stern, made a kind of raft of the thwarts and oars; the waves washed them from me; my heart failed; I got on board again, unperceived. There was no small stir and inquiry throughout the ship next morning. The query was, "What has become of the oars and thwarts out of the launch?" The conclusion was, "Somebody has stolen them while we slept;" and I thought I was the lucky boy yet.

We set sail from St. Jago, and crossed the equator; but by the ignorance of our officers, we fell to the leeward, could not weather the east coast of South America, and had to return to the north, to take advantage of the north-east trade wind. By the above manœuvre, we avoided coming into battle at Monte Video. By the extra length of our passage, we were put on short allowance of provisions; which often made me think of Yankee johnny-cake and hasty-pudding. I thought if ever I got home, in the land of my nativity, I would never go farther from it than to fetch a pail of water from the well.

My rural home, with fertile store,  
 Was now more valued than before ;  
 And all that kept me from despair,  
 Was contemplating to get there.  
 Though hard and wormy was my bread,  
 On scanty meals I daily fed ;  
 Yet bless'd with health and appetite,  
 And not of hope forsaken quite,  
 My food was better to my taste,  
 Than if I had enough to waste.

We arrived at Monte Video—overhauled and repaired the ship's rigging—cruised awhile in the river La Plate—took a fleet of transports, and ships laden with naval stores, under our convoy—and proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope. As I was promoted on board of the *Cormorant*, and rated on the ship's books, *able*, instead of *ordinary* seaman, I think I may here change the title of my narrative to "THE CARELESS SAILOR."

## THE CARELESS SAILOR.

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“ But man was made for bustle, and for strife.  
 Though sometimes, like the sun on summer days,  
 The bosom is unruffled, yet his life  
 Consists in agitation, and his ways  
 Are through the battling storm-blasts. To erase  
 Some fancied wrong, to gain some promis'd joy,  
 To gather earthly good, or merit praise,  
 Are—and will be—the objects that employ  
 His thoughts, and lead him on to dazzle or destroy.”

AFTER boxing and cruising about the Cape of Good Hope for about two months, we carried away our top-masts, and had to lie awhile in Simon's Bay, to refit. At this place, there was a large company of men selected from the men-of-war, that were compelled to go on shore, and perform the most servile labour in the dock-yard. It fell to my lot to make one of the number. After enduring as much as I thought I could possibly exist under, for three weeks, constantly watched, harassed, and drove about by the officers, I was shifted to a still more fatiguing situation. About a dozen of us, from our ship, were driven, like mules or asses, over a mountain, a distance of five miles, to back wood for fuel. This journey we performed twice each day; each man's load had to weigh sixty pounds each

trip. It was a broken, barren, uncultivated country, for some distance about Simon's Bay. We had to carry our grub with us, and cook it among the rocks, and were allowed one hour to get our dinners. My only consolation consisted in getting to a distance from the rest, during my dinner hour, and selecting a place between two hillocks or rocks; where I would lie down with my face to the zenith, view the floating clouds that were gently wafting in the atmosphere, and contemplate that they might be conducted over my native land.

Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,  
Borne from the objects of my infant care,  
Far distant from a tender father's love,  
And driv'n the keenest storms of fate to bear;  
Ye gliding clouds, the solemn news convey,  
Inform my friends the cause of my delay;  
Revive their spirits by some magic art,  
And let them know I bear an equal part;  
That filial love still warms my wretched heart.  
Though I am here, and oceans roar between,  
I hope once more t'enjoy thy rural scene.

We were under command of a young fop of a midshipman; and no sooner was our hour expended, than I could hear his voice reverberating through the air, and echoing from the adjoining hills, "Yankee Jack! where are you?" (This was the name I was called by on board the Cormorant, by all but the first lieutenant, and he called me Massachusetts.) "O!" says one, "he's saying his prayers." "Yes," says another, "he's praying for Indian pudding and pumpkin pie." "No," says a third, "he's thinking of the minister's



daughter he left in Yankee town." I moved on, as if I did not hear them. I was permitted to go on shore on Sunday, to spend the day at my pleasure. While others that had the same privilege were recreating in the grog and wine shops, I strayed away from the village alone, ascended an adjacent hill through a gully, and shaped my course for Table Town, which was a distance of about 28 miles. My heart enlivened within me, with hopes of liberty; but alas! it soon resumed its usual sadness. I travelled a few miles through gullies, between high cliffs of rocks, without seeing a human being, or the appearance of any human habitation. I sat down to rest and consider, between two lofty cliffs, when I heard a rattling among the stones over my left shoulder. As I raised my eyes, I beheld some young wolves skipping about, apparently at play. I thought the old ones were not far off, and my best plan would be to leave them to enjoy their sport by themselves. I took another course, and returned to Simon's Bay. It would have been folly to go on, as night was approaching, and the country through which I had to pass was desolate of all but wild and ferocious animals. When I returned, I found that I had been missed, and some had been seeking for me; but they did not suspect the object of my absence.

We departed from Simon's Bay with the whole squadron, consisting of eight or ten men-of-war, and proceeded to Table Bay. Here again I was compelled, with many others, to work in the dock-yard. We were watched so intensely by a number of officers and sentinels, that no vista appeared through which I could make my escape; but the time was at hand. One day,

I was sent on shore, as one of a boat's crew, to await and fetch some officers on board ; the officers delayed coming to the boat. I strayed away a distance of half a mile, and fell in with some American sailors, with whom I got into conversation, and tarried till my ship's boat had gone on board. I kept out of sight, among the timber that composed the wharf, (where I could hear them singing out for Yankee Jack,) till late in the evening, when all was silent, except the soft voice of a young sailor, who was sitting in a boat waiting for his companions, and was humming over some verses of a love song. I crept from among the timber, approached him, and made myself known to him, not as a man-of-war's man, but as one that belonged to an American merchant ship, knowing the name of one that lay in the port and wanted hands. When his companions came to the boat, they consented, and set me on board of an American ship, called the *Ajaria*.

I had strove, but in vain, my release to obtain,  
 At length, unexpected, a vista appear'd ;  
 I quick did advance, by embracing the chance,  
 At last from the grasp of my tyrants I clear'd.

I must notice, as worthy of remark, that I was kept just one year on board of the *Cormorant* ; as I was impressed on Christmas-eve, 1806, and deserted on Christmas-eve, 1807. After remaining on board the *Ajaria* six weeks, unknown to the captain, I got on board of a large merchant ship called the *London*, belonging to London. The *Cormorant* went to sea on a six weeks' cruise, returned, and came to anchor a short distance from the *London*. I had been absent so long, that they

had no suspicion of my being so near. Capt. Menzies, of the London, was very much in want of hands; yet he durst not take me, unless I went on shore, and was legally shipped by a magistrate. The penalty for shipping a sailor without conforming to the above rule, was \$1000; this was the reason I staid so long on board the Ajaria unknown to the captain. I had to inform captain Menzies that I had deserted from the Cormorant; adding, "and here she is, almost alongside; I might as well jump into the jaws of a shark, as attempt to go on shore now in the daytime." His reply was, "I have compassion; but you know a burned child dreads the fire. I have paid the bloodhounds \$2000 already, since I've been here, for two poor fellows that I permitted to stow away on board here; but I'll go it again; go below, and keep close." We had a Yankee second mate, who went to work and dug a hole in the ballast, about four feet deep, two feet wide, and the length of a man; covered it with planks and mats, about ten inches from the top of the ballast; then covered it again with the ballast, except a small hole where I crept in; and a half barrel of pitch stopped the hole, leaving a little space underneath it to admit air. There were sheep, hogs, and poultry in the hold; these were drove about over my stow-hole, to make the ballast appear undisturbed, like other parts of it. When we were ready to sail, there were twenty soldiers and officers searching our ship from stem to stern, below and above, for deserters; they ran over me several times; I could hear them talk and heave things about. Though I was surrounded in cold earth, I was wet with sweat; my courage could have been stowed in the

till of a snuff-box. I was afraid they would run their cutlasses or swords down through my covering, but they did not think of that. There were also a boat's crew and some officers from the *Cormorant*, whose voices I could clearly recognise.

It was cheering to my soul to hear the officers call their men to their boats, then to feel the ship in motion, and hear the water swashing along her sides and under her bottom, the true tokens that she was launching on to the great deep; but still more delighting was the sight, (when the second mate descended into the hold, and commanded my resurrection,) to behold the war ships astern at a distance of six or seven miles, and that distance increasing. Captain Menzies supplied me with necessary clothing and stores. I was to have seven pounds sterling per month. As seven pounds per month may appear hyperbolical, I'll explain the cause; which was, in war time, when sailors were scarce in foreign ports, it was a rule in the British merchant service to give double wages; thus, if sailors shipped in England for three pounds ten shillings, I could have seven pounds. We sailed before a pleasant trade wind, passed the island of St. Helena, and came to anchor at Ascension. This island is uninhabited, and lies about 600 miles N.N.W. from St. Helena. It is a natural curiosity, its strata having the appearance of blacksmiths' cinders. Our object in stopping at Ascension was to catch tortoise for the West India market. To accomplish our design, we raised a tent on shore, with a sail, where a party of our crew had to keep watch, and turn them on their backs when they came on shore to lay their eggs. We got about sixty

on board ; their average weight was about 200 pounds. We got under way, and went to Barbadoes, where we disposed of the tortoises at fifty cents per pound. From thence we ran down to St. Vincent's. Here our ship was transmuted to a perfect bedlam. Our crew was chiefly composed of sturdy Irishmen and black men. They procured plenty of rum, and kept three sheets in the wind, as the saying is ; and while in that situation, they'd as lief fight as eat. I have often seen them quit their grub to take a knock down ; I had the good fortune to get clear from them, after receiving a few solid thumps.

When a man-of-war was approaching, it was customary for those sailors belonging to merchant vessels lying in port, to flee to the shore, go out of the town, and secrete themselves in the bushes or cane patches. On one of these occasions, I had staid among the sugar cane till the war ship disappeared. I came into the town, and was waiting for the boat to come on shore. This was in 1809, the time of the embargo ; I was seeking for a passage to the States, but could not find one. There came along a commander of a small sloop that was bound to Quebec. I thought, "this is a good chance for me to get home ; I can walk from Quebec to Saratoga very handy." No sooner thought than done, as was my usual practice. Though the captain of the sloop had all the hands he wanted, I went on board to work my passage, and left clothes, wages and all behind on board of the London. We got the sloop immediately under way, as she was to keep company with a large fleet that had already gone ahead. We had a stiff breeze. The captain and his crew kept

pouring down liquor; as they were making sail, they put me to the helm. By the time they had all sail set, they were so intoxicated that they all fell asleep, and I had to stay at the helm the whole night.

We steered for Grenada, and had to run close under the lee of the Granadella Islands, which was a great hazard, as I was not acquainted with that passage. We overtook the fleet, sailed in, and came to anchor at Grenada.

I went on shore, fell in with the captain of a ship that was in want of hands; he offered me 40 dollars per month; without hesitation I agreed, and went on board. I found that the captain under whose command I had placed myself, was a first-rate bully tyrant. This fact I was soon apprised of, by seeing him chase the mate about the deck with a rawhide. With this instrument, he made several of the crew jump lively; but somehow I got the right side of his mind, and had no difficulty or fear of the lash. We had pleasant weather, plenty of work, and few hands to do it, for six weeks, when we entered the channel of England. As the king's bloodhounds (officers) were searching ships, houses, and every place where they might expect to find subjects for their master's service, it became my object to keep clear of them. To do this, I had to have permission from the captain to stow away, that is, to secrete myself somewhere in the ship's hold. As I had not got this permission, I kept to my duty till we were off the harbour of Dover, and the press boat was approaching. My captain gave me a hint. I quickly descended into the hold, and crept as far among the cargo as I could get; notwithstanding which, they would

have found me had it not been for our captain, who peremptorily refused to let them have lights, and made them search in the dark. They came very near, but did not find me; thus we were searched several times, before we got to Gravesend. This place is nearly 30 miles from London. In this space, the river was thronged with bloodhounds, ready to spring on board and snap up every poor dog that was destitute of some badge of honour. As I was one of this number, I was obliged to give a man three guineas to work for me, so that I could stow away.

I had the good fortune to get safe on shore at Black-wall. At this place, the press-gangs met with such opposition from the inhabitants, chiefly the old women, who frequently chased them off with aprons full of stones, that they seldom came there. Seventeen poor fellows were huddled into the house where I boarded, that durst not go abroad, for fear of the press-gangs. Thus confined in a free country, their chief happiness consisted in sending to an adjoining tavern for rum and ale. From daylight till late bed-time, the prevailing query was, "Whose turn is it to send for grog?" It was sometimes difficult to go about the house without trampling on those that lay sprawling on the floor. They had cash enough. None more happy than the landlord and his wife, who were fast rising from poverty to plenty; they charged exorbitantly for their board, and had good commission on the liquor they brought from the alehouse. They were well skilled in making another's necessity their opportunity. The landlord charged my comrade and me five shillings each for setting us on shore from the ship, when the

regular fare was only twopence. As we were strangers, he made us believe there was much difficulty in avoiding the press-boats. He charged me five shillings for going two miles to show me a place that he could not find; but he said he had kept me from being impressed. He accumulated riches; but, about one year after, he, and his wife, and two children, expired, all within the space of one month. The above is only a sample of the intrigues made use of by the land-sharks, to dupe the silly tar.

I wrote a few lines to the American consul, informing him how I made my escape from the Cormorant, and what was my present situation, without a protection. I was charged one dollar and seventy-five cents by a man, for taking my letter four miles, to the consul's office, and returning with my protection. The man was my landlady's father; their motto was, "Keep all in the family."

I had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of my landlord and his family, as I kept my weather-eye open, and sent for no liquor; but got my wages, paid my board bill, purchased good clothing, and got a berth in an American brig.

We sailed in company with a fleet of ships, under a British convoy, bound up the Baltic. The Danes and the French were on friendly terms at that time; and both were at war with Britain. We had to manœuvre pretty nicely, to avoid the cannon balls from the Danish shore. We got through the belt, and proceeded to Cronstadt, in Russia. While we lay in Russia, the British fleet, with the Swedes, had a destructive battle with the Russian fleet. The latter were defeated, with



great loss. Some of their ships returned to Cronstadt, besmeared with blood ; and the dead bodies were lying about the decks. Our brig was thoroughly repaired there ; and when we got our cargoes on board, the Russians clapped an embargo on all foreign vessels, and we had to remain there six weeks longer. When the embargo was raised, we set sail, and got our brig on shore in the gulf of Finland ; but were favoured with light breezes from the land, which was the means of our sustaining but little loss. We had to put into Carlscroon, in Sweedland, and wait for a British convoy. When it was ready, we sailed in their company, lost the fleet, and returned to Carlscroon, where we had to lie nearly a month more, till another fleet was ready to sail. We again made sail for England ; but again were disappointed. We had constant head winds, and the weather became so cold, that our vessel was completely covered with ice ; our rigging was so clogged up, that we had to cut some of it to permit us to brace the yards about. After buffeting about, with much fatigue, for three weeks, in the Baltic sea, we had to give it up, and bear away for Carlscroon, for the purpose of wintering there. The harbour was frozen up, and we had to cut the ice, which was ten inches thick, a distance of two miles. Our brig was fast without the help of cables and anchors, near the castle, for that winter. At this time, cruel fate was doing a great work among the Swedish sailors and soldiers ; 10,000, it was said, expired at Carlscroon, that winter. As the earth was frozen so hard that they could not dig graves without great difficulty, the dead bodies were piled up in coffins by the castle, 300 in each pile ; there were

several piles. I frequently walked over them with little regard to their state, when returning from my nightly career on shore. How strange! that being familiar with death's effects should lessen our fear of his terrors. When the ice was frozen far into the Baltic, the Swedes put the coffins containing the dead upon sleighs, dragged them a distance from the shore, cut holes in the ice, took the bodies out of the coffins, shoved them under the ice, and then returned with the coffins to put others in. The sailors and soldiers were almost in a state of starvation. Their clothing appeared as if dropping from their bodies, which seemed as if eaten to fragments by vermin. I have seen one of them go into a grocery, purchase a red rusty herring, begin at the head, and eat every item of it—scales, entrails, rust, and all. So rapid was the contagion, that in 48 hours after they were attacked, they were dead, with not a pound of flesh on their whole bodies.

“ Malignant triumph fill'd his eyes;  
 ‘ See, hapless mortals! see,’ he cries,  
     ‘ How vain your idle schemes!  
 Beneath my grasp, the fairest form  
 Dissolves, and mingles with the worm;  
     Thus vanish mortal dreams.

The works of God, and man I spoil;  
 The noblest proof of human toil  
     I treat as childish toys:  
 I crush the noble and the brave;  
 Beauty I mar, and in the grave  
     I bury human joys!’

On frosty wings the demon fled,  
 Howling as o'er the wall he sped,  
 And cried, 'Your time is gone!'  
 'The ruin'd spire—the crumbling tower—  
 Nodding, obeyed his awful power,  
 As **TIME** flew swiftly on."

I boarded on shore two months during that winter. The Swedish girls were very kind, especially to us Yankees. I was invited to dances, and attended one almost every evening; but I had to pay for my fun, it cost me all my wages, and two months over; for which I was compelled to serve through cold wet storms, and bitter blasts, early in the spring, working the vessel's way through the ice, to get out of harbour, and out of the Baltic sea. When we arrived at London, the balance of wages due to me was eight dollars. I had been eleven months performing the last voyage.

"I thought it unjust to repine at my lot,  
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;  
 I packed up the trifling remnant I'd got,  
 And a trifle, alas! was my store."

I stayed in London till I got in debt over the amount of a month's advance. I was very fond of music, and the gratifying labour of dancing. But, as yet, I did not feel the need of raising my spirits with ardent. It was only the cheerful association that allured my passions.

"And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,  
 Sure vice must butcher! O, what heaps of slain  
 Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroy'd  
 Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."

Reluctantly I agreed, and went on board of a large ship bound for Martinico. We got into the channel of England, where we had to encounter a short, but tremendous gale. We were near the Goodwin Sands, a dangerous place, where many ships and lives have been lost. But my time had not yet come. Though the force of the wind would not permit us to set a rag of sail, and we were compelled to let the ship drive, yet she drove clear of the feared spot, into the North Sea. Our young commander was so terrified, that he lashed himself fast on the quarter-deck, turned pale, and abode mute.

When the gale abated, we got the ship in order, caught a fair breeze, and in 25 days we were moored in St. Pierre's, Martinico. We had about thirty-six wild fellows on board, who composed our crew. We soon had plenty of good cane juice among us; and as soon all the revenge and malicious feelings that had been accumulated and stored in their minds during our passage from England, now became visible; and, as on a previous occasion, our ship became a bedlam.—To keep out of the muss, I frequently hid myself, and slept whole nights in the hold. Some of our crew deserted, and seven volunteered, and went on board of the Grenada man-of-war brig that was lying in the bay. Among the latter was the second mate; he was a Yankee, and had a wife, and some fine children, who resided No. 88 Fair-street, (now called Fulton-street,) New-York. Our captain desired me to take the second mate's place. I did so; but only for a short time. As the American embargo was raised, I was looking out for a chance to get home. One evening I went on

shore, accompanied by a small boy, to bring our captain on board, there were three naval officers who asked our captain to let his boat set them on board their ships. The captain told me I might do it if I chose. After I had set the captain on board, I returned to the beach and took in the officers. Two of them we left on board the Neptune, three-decker, that lay in the offing. They gave us a dollar. And the other we set on board of the Grenada, where I had a chance to converse with my silly dejected ship-mates; they were sober, and would have given anything to have been as well off as I was.

“Is sorrow there, where all is fair,  
Where all is outward glee?  
Go, fool, to yonder mariner,  
And he shall lesson thee.  
Upon the deck walks tyrant sway,  
Wild as his conquering wave,  
And murmuring hate that must obey,  
The captain and his slave.”

There was a fine merchant ship lying in the bay; I knew her captain wanted hands very much. As she lay not far from my course, I went alongside of her, where I fell in with those before alluded to, who had deserted. The mate of this ship, on hearing that I was a Yankee, told me, if I wished to get home, to come and add one to their number. This ship had cleared out for Liverpool, in England, to satisfy law; as she was laden with sugar and coffee; but was destined for Baltimore, in the state of Maryland, by the owner. She would have been a legal prize to a Bri-

fish man-of-war, had they but known this scheme. I returned on board, telling the boy to keep dark; for I knew I could trust him. The boat had to be locked with a chain, and the key deposited on the cabin table. The above I performed, and then went about packing up my luggage. I had a comrade, whom I awoke. The boy insisted on going with us; we urged him to remain, but to no purpose. So we broke the chain that held the boat, and went along side of the *Eliza*, the ship before mentioned. The next query was, what to do with the boat that I had taken from the other ship. I soon formed and executed a plan. I skulled her to the beach, and tied her to an anchor. It was my intention to swim to the *Eliza*; but my courage failed, for fear of the sharks. I found a small canoe, got on board in it, and shoved it adrift. The next morning I saw a boat belonging to the *Neptune*, 98 gun ship, towing the little canoe to the shore; they had picked it up, little suspecting how it got adrift. Our crew had a hearty laugh about my making the king's officers my servants.

We set sail, and were chased by several men-of-war. But our ship sailed too swift for them, and we arrived safe at Baltimore. I was taken sick on our passage, and was scarcely able to walk when we arrived. My disease was something uncommon. I went to several physicians at Baltimore, but to little purpose. By way of Philadelphia I went to New-York, where I found my father. I had not seen him during the last five years. He put me in mind that I was not one-and-twenty yet—that I had better go home with him and try to get a living on land. I would have readily com-

plied with his request, but as little thought I could get a living on the shore, as that I could stop the moon. I still retained my disease, and was not able to work. The physicians told me I had better go to the hospital. My disease was at the pit of the stomach; and it was a case they were not familiar with. I was admitted into the hospital on Tuesday, in the forenoon, and about 1 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, there was a young man brought into the ward where I was quartered, upon a bier; he was asleep, and breathed so hard that he might be heard some distance. He was picked up in the street. The doctors came and stood around him in solemn meditation and consultation. They knew not what to do. He began to gurgle in his throat, when he had been in the hospital about an hour. The blood began to flow from him both ways. He continued bleeding till the next morning, and three pails were filled with his blood. His couch was so besmeared with clotted blood, that it might be said he was soaking in his gore: there was also a puddle on the floor. He expired about eight o'clock in the morning—a lamentable sight to behold.

The cause of this fatal disaster was nothing more than carrying a joke too far. He had recently returned from Baltimore, where he had been for some time at work. A young lady met him, and told him that his intended bride was wedded to a sailor; and she contrived so as to tell his sweetheart, before he saw her, that she had seen him, and also what she had said, adding, "Now when he comes, you stick to it that it is so." He came, and his intended received him with cool indifference. He thought of what the young lady

had told him on his arrival. Fear, jealousy, suspicion, and despair, the fittest implements of evil, began to work in his breast. Little did she think how tender a cord she was touching, when she told him it was true that she was indeed the bride of another. He did not rage—his melancholy was too deep, and of a different nature. If he could have wept, or given vent to his feelings, probably the consequences would not have been so fatal. His melancholy was of that kind that does not exhibit itself. Therefore his intended did not perceive it when he left her. He went into a drug store in Broadway, purchased about six cents worth of corrosive sublimate, and went into the street. He then entered another drug store, and got 25 cents worth of laudanum; these potions he swallowed. I have told you the effects. His sweetheart, on hearing of his fate, came to the hospital, accompanied by her mother, and on beholding the effects of her folly, went into fits of distraction, and would have put an end to her existence, had she not been prevented. Her lamentations were dolorous beyond description. It was indeed a heart-rending scene.

“ Away! away! I cannot bear  
 To gaze upon thy face;  
 Thy beauty brought me to despair—  
 Thy coldness to disgrace.

“ Away! nor tempt me to uplift  
 The veil that shrouds my soul:  
 The dismal gloom I cannot shift—  
 Nor passion can control.



“ Away! you may not love me now—  
 The blighted and the sere—  
 Nor shall the gall from broken vow  
 Be sweeten'd by a tear.

“ Oh God! I would my heart were cold—  
 My bosom bared in death!  
 My sorrows, then, were sooner told,  
 Than by my struggling breath.

“ Away! away! my brain is wild—  
 My soul is dark in gloom:  
 O death, I come—thy weary child!  
 Despair! O God! the tomb!”

I was examined by a company of physicians. My case was an odd one; but they concluded not to try any experiments upon me—as I was young, and they thought I might be useful. I left the hospital, after staying one week, though I was not quite well, and got a berth in a ship called the *Flora*, bound to St. Bartholomew. We had arrived, and commenced discharging our cargo, at our destined port, when, one evening, our crew (myself excepted,) were all in uncommon high glee—drinking, and sky-larking at a great rate. As it regards my habits, I was yet sober-minded. My mind, on this occasion, was impressed with something like this:

The blissful spell of gay career,  
 May soon be changed into fear;  
 And when the prospect shines most bright,  
 There oft ensues a dismal night.

We had but cleverly got asleep, when the well-known and unwelcome alarm was given, by three heavy thumps with a handspike, on the deck, just over our heads, accompanied by the sharp thrilling voice of the mate, like the yell of an Indian war whoop. "All hands! all hands!" was the cry. "Bear a hand up, bear a hand up." There was scrabbling among the sailors. Ah! the dismal scene that met my vision, as I poked my head through the scuttle, ascending on deck. Little did we expect that so horrid a night would so soon ensue. The winds blowing with amazing vigour—the disquieted waves rushing and roaring with impetuous fury—the glaring lightning flashing over the whole heavens—the broken clouds pouring out floods of water—and the rolling thunder echoing the majesty of the Eternal through the conscious void—all made up an awful scene. The contrast between light and darkness was strikingly exhibited in rapid succession. One instant, it was as light as noonday—the next, we were enveloped in Egyptian darkness. One of our cables parted, and the ship swung to the other, which brought her foul of two other vessels, while another was just ahead of us. Our cable was under her bottom, and of course in the act of being chafed in two, though it held on till the next day. The sky became clear, but the wind continued as if to try its strength. Our cable parted, and we attempted to make sail, in the hope of getting out to sea, and out of danger; but our efforts were ineffectual. Our captain, by holding on too long to a halser, thinking to save it, and the anchor that was attached to it, lost the ship. She struck on the rocks with a terrible crash, and bilged imme-

diately; the third stroke she gave, the keel was floating alongside; the sea was breaking over the ship from stem to stern, so that when I caught hold of any thing to hold on as it approached, I was washed out as straight as a dishcloth. We cut away the mainmast, thinking to get on shore on its wreck. It fell in such a direction as to prevent the accomplishment of our object. I swam on shore, to take the end of a small rope, by which many things were hauled to the shore by the inhabitants, who were collected in great numbers on the rocks. We saved all but the ship and cargo. I got on board a schooner, went to Virginia, and thence to New-York.

Now comes on an account of the commencement of my extra vicious life.

I had a letter from the second mate of the *Flora*, to deliver to a dame that resided with the celebrated French Johnny, who kept a dance-house in a street then called George's, now Market. I rejoiced in having this opportunity and excuse to visit this place of recreation, as I had often heard its merits spoken of by sailors. I found the house; it was beset without by a multitude of the baser sort of young people. "These," thought I, "are the fag-end of creation," as I forced my way among them to the door, feeling as if my object was noble. The door was closed, and kept so by a man with a chain. For a shilling I was permitted to pass in. Never was there a greater invention contrived to captivate the mind of a young novice, than presented itself on my entrance. A spacious room, illuminated with glittering chandeliers hanging in the centre, and lamps all around; three musicians on high seats, well

skilled in using their instruments; about fourteen (apparently) damsels, tipped off in fine style, whose sycophantic glances and winning smiles were calculated only to attract attention from such as had little wit, and draw money from their pockets; and I was just the man. This was felicity indeed.

So I spent my money while it lasted,  
 Among this idle, gaudy train;  
 When fair elysian hopes were blasted,  
 I shipp'd to sail the swelling main.

The inducements of the above described den of infamy were so captivating to my silly mind, that I gave loose to the reins of self-government, and fell in with their practices, not without some reluctance, especially to their base language. A glass of hot punch was only 25 cents; it was sweet, and not very strong; and by sipping a little pretty often, I soon got so that it tasted good. But alas! my race was short; for

When madam finds Jack's money's gone,  
 To him she tells her mind;  
 Saying, "My dear, you must away,  
 More money for to find.

"You know it well, my dear," she says,  
 "There's charges on the shore;  
 It grieves my heart that we must part,  
 Perhaps to meet no more."

I shipped in the fall of 1809, in a fine brig, bound (as the captain said) to Portobello, cleared out from New-York to Amboy, New-Jersey; this was a plan

to dupe the custom-house officers at the latter place, as they could not be so easily blinded at New-York. Our cargo consisted of arms, stores, ammunition, and provisions, for the St. Domingo market.

The landlords in New-York had made an arrangement among themselves, to stand security only to see their boarders on board of the ship or vessel in which the sailor had agreed to go; whereas, previously, it had been the custom for the landlords to give security that the sailor should proceed to sea. Our captain had lost a whole crew of twenty-four hands, each having received his month's advance, amounting to about \$700. Availing themselves of the virtue of the last arrangement of their landlords, they fastened the cabin doors, so that the mate and steward could not get on deck to oppose them; then hoisted out the long-boat, put their chests in her, and went on shore. They had only to keep out of sight till our brig had sailed, when they could take a month's advance from some other ship. I was sorry for not having been one of them. What a cruise I would have had when the brig was gone, among my soul's delights at French Johnny's! But alas! these reflections were of no use. My landlord had given security (as was the case with the rest of our present crew,) that we should proceed to sea; and our officers, having been once burned, kept a good look out for us. We had plenty of liquor on board. Some of my shipmates that were with me in the *Flora*, that was cast away, were on board of this brig also; they had observed in the last ship, that I never drank my allowance of grog, and were constrained to mark the wonderful change; for now I was first in every tin pot that

had grog in it. I was often so affected with liquor, that they had to tie me fast to keep me from jumping overboard, or killing myself or some one else. I permitted my passions to drive me to these extremes, by contemplating too much on a damsel with whom I had associated at French Johnny's; and surely she was worthy the attention of any decent young man. A sketch of her biography may not be uninteresting.

The wife of the celebrated French Johnny was a high dame in her appearance, and in her own estimation. She frequently made trips to Boston and Philadelphia, for the purpose of selecting such young females as would best suit her market and avocation. As she was returning from Philadelphia on one of these excursions, she put up at a grand house in Bordentown, in which the girl above alluded to was a hired attendant. The lofty Mrs. Johnny appeared to her as a lady of the first quality, and her demeanour was such, that she had no suspicion of her character. Mrs. Johnny watched her opportunity, and got her into conversation. After an introduction, she lengthened her thread by prying into her circumstances, asking what amount of wages she received. On being informed, she made some remarks, told her she wanted a chambermaid, and made her an offer of great wages. The poor girl was captivated, and rejoicing within herself, she consented, left her place, and accompanied the old bawd to New-York. As it was in the night when they arrived, the girl was conducted to a decent room, where she was kept all the next day, the old bawd frequently visiting and treating her with attention and kindness. Thus the old woman feed her with flat-

tery for several days, when she introduced a young man to her, telling her he was her only son, and begging her to treat him with kindness and respect, at the same time presenting her with a bottle of wine and some confectionaries. Thus she was first duped, then yielded, being far from home, and without money or friends. This is the narrative she related to me in candour, and she often expressed her disgust at the practices exhibited in the house where she reluctantly resided; she had hopes that I would take her out of it. I heard afterwards, that she learned to drink and swear, and died wretched in Philadelphia.

We sailed from Sandy Hook on the 2d day of January, and on the 10th of the same month, our vessel was moored in Port au Prince, where she was sold to the blacks for \$48,000. She was fitted out for a man-of-war, and called the *Flambeau*. Our merchant purchased another brig, in which I went to Amelia Island. Here was a large number of British merchant vessels, very much in want of hands. I shipped as boatswain of a large fine ship, for \$50 per month, and went to Liverpool, in England. As we had a long, tedious passage, I went on shore before the ship was hauled into dock, put a few dollars in my pocket, and started for the theatre. The next morning, as I was passing the old dock, on my way to my boarding-house, I was accosted by a rough-looking set of fellows, who wished to know what countryman I was. I told them very candidly I was an American; they demanded my protection; I let them see it, but kept hold of one corner of it. They then compelled me to go with them to the rendezvous, where I was locked into a room up two

pairs of stairs, and had the company of ten or a dozen of my own sort, though not all Americans. I was thoroughly examined by some naval officers, who thought best to let me go at liberty. I carried all sail and flying colours for about three months.

Cold storms, hard fare, and buffeting waves,  
 I quickly then forgot;  
 Roast turkies, and pies, and all the heart craves,  
 Were every day brought hot.  
 The table was clear'd, and the music did play,  
 Time flew on the pinions of pleasure each day;  
 My money refus'd in my pocket to stay;  
 My landlady smil'd, when to me she did say,  
 "Poor fellow! jolly bold fellow!  
 Learn to be sober and wise."

After spending a few weeks with little or no money in my pocket, in which I had more pleasure than while money lasted, I got a berth as second mate of a ship called the *Mary Ann*, bound to Parimaribo, in Surinam. We had a pleasant passage. Our captain was a haughty young man, about my age, and we became very intimate. He took much delight in teaching me the art of navigation; but a circumstance occurred that put a period to our friendship. Our captain had been a naval officer, and attempted to keep up man-of-war's rules on board our ship; this did not suit the minds of our crew; and in endeavouring to quell them, a fracas ensued, in which the captain beat some of the sailors most unmercifully. Myself, with the chief mate, perceiving the injustice of the captain, did not interfere; and of course were reproved by the captain. Though



I did not justify the crew in their presence, I did afterwards to the captain by himself. He became my enemy, and used every opportunity to abuse me. I went to the governor of Surinam for redress, but finding none to my satisfaction, I left my ship, and lost all my clothing. This was a hard one for me, as I had accumulated an extra good lot of clothes and bedding. I got on board of a schooner, and worked my passage to Baltimore, during which I suffered greatly with cold, as it was in November. If I had governed my tongue, and minded my own business in the last ship, I should have avoided much difficulty. Though I regretted the loss of my clothing, my grief was small, compared with the downheartedness I endured, for want of cash to keep up the glory at the dance-houses; and so fascinated was my foolish passion, that I would go in my old patched sailor dress, and get into one corner of the ball-room, where my sorrow would be extremely excited, that I could only be a spectator. Sometimes, when by some means I got a dollar or two, my life would come to me; but alas! how short lived was the elysium! Like the morning cloud and the early dew, it soon passed away.

When first I took to drinking,

I thought it was no harm;

It seem'd a silly pleasure,

That did me not alarm:

But soon the vile temptation

Had gain'd the victory;

I had no inclination

For sober company.

For fifteen years, and over,  
 I carried on the sway ;  
 I seldom had a garment,  
 Was fit to cast away :  
 My money, while it lasted,  
 Was liberal and free ;  
 And when it was exhausted,  
 For more I plough'd the sea.

Yes, candid reader ! you may wonder when I tell you that I have many times, after spending my hard-earned cash in the most exiguous way, gone on board to commence a voyage, without bed or blanket, or a change of raiment. Was I a fool when on board, and sober ? As it regarded my object, I was, but not at my duty. For many months, I have had no other lodging than the soft side of a chest-lid ; and when the watch or all hands was called, spring to the deck, night or day, and face the weather. Sometimes the fleecy snow, the pelting hail, or sleet ; at others, pouring cold rain ; at others, the dry whistling wind, that caused the billows to break over the labouring ship. Sometimes forced to reef and bend the heavy canvass, which had been wet with rain, and made stiff like a board with frost ; then, if permitted to go below, lie down on a chest in my wet clothes, and while shivering with cold, contemplate the anticipated momentary pleasures of a dance-house. It is the delight of a sailor, in his night watches on deck, in pleasant weather, to get under the lee of the long-boat, or walk the deck ; and how many hours have I spent in this way, with my mind wholly employed in reckoning up the sum my wages would

amount to at the end of the voyage, and building castles imaginary for felicity on shore. Thus the prime of life passed away, while, unperceived, I was approximating the shades of age and lamentation. I shall omit the particulars of two years, only stating it in general terms as FOLLY.

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## A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

### *IMPRESSMENT AND DESERTION.*

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Once more I wander through the busy street,  
 But not a friend that does my coming greet;  
 I am forgotten! Time and care destroy  
 The lightsome glee and aspect of the boy.

IN August, 1811, I was in London. After sporting my money out of my reach, as usual, though it was hard times among sailors, there being great numbers of foreigners in that city; it was my good fortune to get a berth as boatswain of a large armed ship.

We proceeded to Teneriffè, got a cargo of wine, and shaped our course for Barbadoes, sold part of our cargo, and sailed to Kingston, Jamaica, where I was again impressed, and forced to go on board of his Britannic majesty's ship *Prometheus*. The yellow fever began to rage among our crew, and I did not escape. While I was sick the ship sailed to the Spanish main,

during which time I was some time delirious; but I got well, and, instead of the yellow fever, the ague and fever seized me, and our ship proceeded to the Bay of Honduras. I, with six or seven others, was sent to the hospital, on shore. My heart swelled with joy for the prospect this circumstance presented for my escape. The hospital was a frame building, with no wall around it; but a sentinel stood before the door; and it stood about a quarter of a mile from the town. When we entered the hospital, we were each presented with a suit of light apparel. I began to despond, thinking they would take my own clothes in their custody, and thus prevent my escape. How ready discouragements are to make their appearance! I retained my clothes, however. While I remained in the hospital my mind was in constant agitation, contriving some way to escape. I got information that the sentinel did not remain by the hospital at night, but was removed some distance to a battery near the sea-shore. This tidings was to me joyous. I had remained there about four days, when, one night, after all had got asleep, I ventured to put my own clothes on. There were several patients in the room where I slept, and a light burning. I succeeded in getting out of a window, and made the best of my way to the town, to the river side, I found a canoe among many others, which were all locked, full of mahogany chips and water. I soon contrived to break the chain, as I was destitute of oars or paddle, I found a bit of plank, that I concluded must answer my purpose. As I proceeded down the small river, I was somewhat troubled, having to get out into the water, up to my middle, as the mud was soft, to

shove the canoe off on the mud flats. When I got into the roadstead I endeavoured to get on board of an American brig that lay there, thinking that they would assist me to some provisions and fresh water; but the wind blew towards the shore, and I could not reach her. While I was worrying along, and shoving the canoe from the mud flats, (for the wind was too strong for me,) I had an attack of the ague, and after it the fever. I could not stand it; and as I had thrown out all the chips, and bailed out the water with one of my shoes, I took my tarpawling hat for a pillow, lay down in one end of the canoe, and fell asleep. I was awakened by the daylight gun on board of the *Prometheus*, which lay the outside ship in the roadstead. The wind had shifted and blew from the land, and was driving me directly to sea. I began to be in much fear, as the day approached, that the officers on board of the *Prometheus* would discover me; for they are always provided with the best of spy-glasses. To prevent them, I took a black silk handkerchief from my neck, put it over my head and face, put my hat on, kept my back towards the ship, and let the canoe go right before the wind. I thought, if they discovered me, they would conclude I was a negro going a fishing. About mid-day I drew near a small island that appeared as if it was inhabited. But when I landed, I found nothing that was human, but the remains of a habitation, and some old broken canoes, from which I got a drink of rain water. I started for another island, that appeared to be at a distance of about ten miles ahead; there was a small island on my left, that was nearer, but I did not think it was inhabited; when I got abreast of it, I

found my mistake. I strove to head my canoe for it, but the wind was so strong as to prevent me. I had given it up, and was shaping my course for the large island, when I perceived a small canoe coming towards me from the small island on my left. As she approached, I saw there were three persons in her. My fears began to arise, lest they should apprehend me, and convey me back to the man-of-war; but as they drew near, I perceived that two of them were females. As they came alongside, the man, perceiving that I was all of a tremble, clapped his hand on my shoulder, as he sprang into my canoe, saying, "Don't be afraid, my good fellow! nobody will hurt you here." These cheering words quickly reversed the position of my spirit, and the two females, with their paddles and little canoe, spun their thread to the shore, while the man and myself followed after. I found a good habitation and civil treatment on this small island, but it was not more than twenty miles from the ship I had deserted from, and I was in danger, as boats from men-of-war frequently came off to this island to purchase tortoise; so I availed myself of the first chance to get farther away. I got a passage down the coast, in a small sloop, to a place called Monkey River, about 130 miles distant from the Prometheus; here I remained with a civil old Scotchman until the Prometheus sailed. During all this time I was afflicted with the ague and fever. When I got the news that the man-of-war had gone, I began to look out for a passage up to the settlement, where the shipping lay. There came along a large canoe, with six blacks and about a dozen large tortoise in her, and I got a passage with them through

the influence of the old Scotchman that I had been residing with. As we set sail, we had a slant of wind that caused us to stretch some distance from the land; we had to down sails, and take to our paddles, and pull towards the shore, against a stiff breeze; it began to rain, and was chilly. At this critical time, the ague came on me, but I had no retreat; paddle I must; and as I was not used to it, and rather awkward, I had to bear the taunting insults of the negroes. After pulling against wind and rain, and the sprays of salt water flying over us, about ten miles, we landed at a miserable habitation, where I had to coil down on a trunk, in my wet clothes, the remainder of the night. The blacks kindled a large fire in the open air, around which they danced and sang till their clothes were dry; and as it had ceased raining, they lay down and slept till morning. I would gladly have shared with them, but as I knew I should have been an unwelcome guest, I kept from them. But the benefit of this tedious task was not small—no less than getting clear of the fever and ague. As there was no travelling by land along this coast, but in vessels, canoes, or boats, our lodging and fare were much the same as the first each night, until we reached the settlement, paddling each day about thirty miles, with the wind constantly ahead.

After working some time for my victuals, from one vessel to another, I obtained permission, and worked my passage in a sloop to Philadelphia. This was in March, 1812. I went to Boston, and shipped as quarter-master on board the United States ship John Adams. In June, you know, the war was declared against Britain. Our ship proceeded to New-York. After a

few months, I got liberty to go on shore, and was sadly disappointed at finding the one on whom I had placed my greatest affection bound to another man; but she was not to blame, as I had not revealed my mind to her previously.

If she had but known that I lov'd her before—  
 (Oh! why was I backward in op'ning my mind?)  
 Had I but inform'd her, when I was on shore,  
 I am sure unto me she'd not prov'd so unkind.

I suppose you will tell me to seek for some other,  
 But where can I find one my passion to quell?  
 I may search this wide world quite over and over,  
 But never can find one that I love so well.

With myself I was vexed, and sorely perplexed,  
 To think I had lost the once pride of my heart;  
 But since it's too true, I will bid her adieu;  
 So farewell for ever, for now we must part.

When I went on shore from the John Adams, I had no intention of deserting her; but the above-mentioned circumstance wrought so hard on my mind, that I travelled off in deep reflection, leaving all behind, and arrived at New-London, where it was my good fortune to be promoted to the station of gunner of a privateer, called the Joel Barlow. While fitting out this vessel, a circumstance took place that nearly cost me my life. I was induced by some of my fellow officers to accompany them to a frolic, where I got into conversation with a young woman, just to carry on the fun, who happened to be the wife of an Italian—one of the jealous, blood-thirsty sort; the idea of her having a husband



had not entered my mind; but his cruel jealousy excited his rage so that he sought an opportunity, and stabbed me—for which offence he was sent to state prison for seven years. His wife's father and mother were his most inveterate enemies, and said many hard things against him in court. It was my desire to let him go at liberty in the morning after the deed was done, but his friends (if I may so term them) would have him off to jail.

There have been many gallant and noble exploits left on record, of battles fought by our American privateers, some of which are worthy of notice in the annals of devilish integrity and vain glory; but records of our cruise in the *Joel Barlow*, I think, will convey a repugnant sentiment. We made sail on a cruise among the West India islands; but our brave commander, first lieutenant, and sailing-master, were so terrified with fear (and who can blame them?) of losing their lives or liberty, that every vessel was in their estimation a powerful enemy; and of course, the farther we kept from them, the better they were suited. One morning before daylight, however, we got so close to a small schooner, that they could not well avoid overhauling her; she was about 25 tons. Says our brave captain, "By zounds! we'll have her!" She proved to be a droger, laden with Indian corn, to relieve the craving appetite of the half-starved negroes suffering on some plantation. How their hunger was alleviated I know not, but I expect they were much disappointed; for our brave captain ordered her to be scuttled, and had the pleasure of seeing her go down. What littleness of mind does the spirit of war excite in

some men, who fain would be considered as noble characters!

After a two months' cruise, we returned to New-London with a prize, a brig of 60 tons, in ballast; the sailors mocked our captain, calling him the captain of the sawdust privateer. I then went as gunner on board of the *Teazer*; she had previously been very successful in the art of plundering, but I had no lot nor part in this business; for we had been but four days at sea, when we were captured by his Britannic majesty's ship *St. Domingo*, commanded by sir John B. Warren. Our vessel was destroyed by fire, and we were conveyed to Bermuda, put on board of a prison ship, and detained on hard fare and short allowance for three months. We should have been kept longer, and perhaps, like many other prisoners, sent to England; but the British wanted the men that were captured by *Decatur* in the *Macedonian*, so they fitted out a quartel and sent us to the States. I concluded to quit privateering, not because I disliked the principle, but because I was not fortunate. I went four voyages in merchant vessels—two to Portugal, and two to the West Indies. As I was in New-York in the summer of 1814, when there was a famous privateer fitting out, called the *General Armstrong*, I concluded to try my luck in her. We proceeded to sea, and after chasing vessels, and being chased by several British war ships, in seventeen days we came to anchor at Fayal, where, the first night, we were blockaded by three British men-of-war, a brig of 22 guns called the *Coronation*, a frigate of 48 guns called the *Deruyter*, and a 74 gun ship called the *Plantagenet*. We had 7 guns, and 93 men and

boys. After three battles, in which we had two killed and eight or ten wounded, we blowed a plank from the bottom of our vessel, and evacuated her; the British took possession of her, and burned her remains. The British loss, by information from their own officers, was 211 killed and wounded. After being provided for by the American consul on the island two months, he procured a vessel, and sent us to Amelia Island. Nine miles from thence, at St. Mary's, I shipped in the United States service, as boatswain of Gun Boat No. 63. Peace was proclaimed the next spring, and as the squadron of gun boats lay at Savannah, myself and four others cleared out, and tramped to Charleston, South Carolina. After a fortnight's foolish career at the latter place, I got a berth as boatswain of a large ship bound to Holland, called the Rufus King.

When we arriv'd in Holland,  
 It was my first delight;  
 The ship was scarcely moor'd, when  
 On shore I went that night;  
 In dancing and carousing,  
 I pass'd away my time,  
 Till daylight in the morning,  
 Not thinking of my crime.

In Holland I got myself into a hobble, through my foolish wickedness, that lasted four years. The incidents were these: myself and two of my shipmates had been sporting in a dance-house one night till late. As we were returning to the ship, we staggered into a house-yard, stumbled over some furniture, kettles, subs, &c, and for revenge, or to serve the devil our

master, we took each of us a load. By some means we were traced out, and a guard sent to apprehend us. When the soldiers came to arrest us, I had just awoke from a snooze I had been taking, while the impetuous workings of too much gin were subsiding in my system. They succeeded in getting us out of the ship on to the quay, and surrounded us. I cast a wishful eye towards a gin shop not far distant; I really imagined that I wanted some. As I slipped from among the soldiers, and started for the desired dram, the group of sailors (that had collected from the different vessels on the occasion) began to stone the soldiers, who had to retreat, some of them seriously wounded. Three of the soldiers came and blockaded the door of the gin shop which I had entered, but I knocked one down and jumped over him, and cleared from them. They were very much enraged, as you may easily imagine; but the dance-house baited us; for as we were sporting there the next day, they mustered a large group of soldiers and citizens, and with clubs and pitchforks surrounded the house. We were taken, and shut up in a dark cell, with plenty of straw, dirty, and alive with fleas. All the light we had was by a few holes, about as large as musket balls, in an iron window. Once each day, the jailor visited us with a vessel, just like a swill-pail, half full of boiled potatoes, and about a teacupful of some sort of fat or grease. The times were sadly changed. On board, we had plenty of good food and grog, and comfortable lodgings. Little did I consider this chastening for the best; I thought it hardly endurable, but was convinced of my error by its long duration. We were transported on foot, with our arms

bound behind us, to Alkmaar, a city about thirty miles distant; this jaunt took two days; at night, we had to lodge in an old castle alone, where the accommodations were as before described.

We were conducted to a large prison in Alkmaar, where each of us had a separate cell, and better provisions, and good lodgings; but after we had been separately examined by a justice, we were permitted to assemble together in a large room during the day, where there were thirty or forty thieves as bad as ourselves, besides robbers and murderers. O, how tedious the days and hours passed! We remained here about four months, when we again had to go through a process of transportation to Amsterdam, a three days' jaunt; we were conducted by two deeners (constables) one of us each day. We lodged the first night in the large village of Bever Vake; my view of it was very limited, as I only went through one of its streets, and was confined to my bed of straw during my stay. The next night, we lodged in the city of Harlaam, and thence were marched to Amsterdam, where we were shut up, and had to remain six weeks for trial. I did not view the weight of my crime in the same notch the Dutch authorities did. I thought I had already received punishment greater than I deserved; I had been deprived of my liberty six months, and loaded the inhuman Dutchmen with bitter imprecations for their cruelty. But O, what depression of soul did I feel, when my sentence was pronounced that I was to remain in prison yet five years! I was then about twenty-six years of age, and viewed the prime of my life as already in oblivion. O, how cutting to the soul is such a prospect!

And what was the amount? Nothing but good, if my mind had been properly exercised while I was in confinement; I was among culprits; my desire was to be among society as vile. It was not being deprived of the privilege of doing good that grieved me; it was not a desire to be buffeting the boisterous ocean that caused me to mourn; the dance-house, the idle, gaudy train, the grog-house, and the sound of heart-reviving music—it was the want of these that harrowed my feelings. By some means I became in possession of a New Testament in English print. This book I took some satisfaction in reading; but I was taken with a fit of sickness, and was several days delirious, and when the right use of my understanding came to me, it was near noon on a pleasant day in August. I was not a little surprised to behold two candles burning on a table at the foot of my bed; but I was soon relieved from my consternation by a Roman Catholic priest, who was sitting by my bedside, and who began asking me many queer questions concerning my evil habits. I must have made a good confession, for I candidly answered all he asked me, and I don't think he forgot anything; for he had it all at tongue's end—it was his trade. Many things he asked me such as I desired to practise, that I should not have thought of as being sinful at that time. "But," said he, "I saw that you had a New Testament here. Don't you know that you should not have that?"

"No, sir," I replied; "I thought it was the best book I could get. Don't you make the New Testament the foundation of your tenets?"

"O yes!" said he; "but you don't understand it—

you don't take the right meaning of it; it is only for the priests to understand the Bible."

I believed him by my own experience, for I knew I was ignorant of its meaning. He gave me a prayer-book, with his verbal directions how to use it, and I became a Roman Catholic; and I suppose I knew as much of the doctrine of Christ as he did, experimentally; for my desires continued the same as before, and my practices not in the least amended. I was mindful, a small portion of each day, to read the collect and prayer for that day; but after a while, I became necessitated for tobacco, and, Esau like, I sold my papist birthright for a morsel of self-gratifying, stinking weed. The beautiful city of Harlaam was the place of my destination, whither I was transported, and had to become reconciled to the discipline of a common convict's prison. Here we had three scanty meals each day, composed of potatoes and beans, turnips, &c.; once each week a small piece of stock fish; one day each week a small piece of pork, and another day a piece of beef; all this was no more than a name. We were not compelled to work or labour, but had the privilege; and when necessity made us work, we received pay for it, and steady diligence would procure us tobacco, and many other notions, to make our living more agreeable. Our chief employment was knitting fish-nets, an easy work, which I soon got the knack of, and also soon learned the Dutch speech. But O, how drearily did the time pass! The chief topic among us was contemplating, studying, contriving, and talking (for we were not ashamed or afraid of divulging our favourite schemes and plans to each other,) of methods

how to be revenged on somebody, no matter who, for the imagined wrongs we sustained ; but the rich were the sufferers generally aimed at. I got one year's pardon ; so, after passing four long summers, for the loss of the pleasant seasons was the most regretted, I again enjoyed the blessing of liberty ; and it is a blessing indeed. None but those who have long been deprived of it can place a true value on it ; and surely the best method of finding the true value of anything, is to be deprived of it. I know well the gloom that seems to surround all creation, when the body is in bondage, and the mind still more securely enslaved by the obscure chain of hell.

For some time after I got my liberty, I would frequently stop and look around me, and think, what a privilege it was to go where I pleased. I first directed my course on foot, about forty-two miles distant, to the Helder, where I again embraced the gratifying sight of the shipping ; but how quick was my spirit reversed, when I heard that none of them wanted hands ; and I went from ship to ship, but in vain, in quest of a situation. One thing against me was, I made a shabby appearance, my clothing was poor, I had no cash, and it was horrid dull times in that country for the poor.— But the old man, to whose gin shop I fled from the soldiers, as before stated, recollected me for good. I might have starved, if it had not been for his compassion. He fed me, and frequently gave me the desired reviving dram ; but his little shop was stored so full of goods, that he could not lodge me, and he had just got married. He was liberal, and he was getting fat too ; he also bore excellent marks of a contented mind. Every thing



went well with him. He had not felt the evil of selling gin yet. The nights were chilly, and I had no place to sleep but in a corner of an old desolate dwelling-house, in my daily habiliments. I could not bear to continue long a burden upon the old man's charity. With a heavy heart I directed my steps to the side of a Dutch man-of-war, which was fitting out for the East-Indies. It was a long trip, and blasted my hopes of getting to my native land. I had heard so much said about the cruel treatment in the Dutch navy, that it was quite discouraging; but there was no other way for me. I had discarded all my premeditated plans, and base, vile desires of revenge, which had been my favourite contemplation while in confinement. I asked the sentinel if they wanted hands on board the ship? He immediately hailed the ship, and made my object known. I was admitted on board, and they gave me a job, (as I had not much the appearance of a sailor,) to find out whether I was one or not. They were soon satisfied, and I was conducted to the cabin, where I sold myself for four years more, almost as little desirable as those I had just passed through. I had not been a month on board, when, one day, as we had been hard at work till late, without our dinners, I was irritated, and said, I had rather be 20 years on board a British man of war, than one year here. I was overheard by an officer; these words were taken as contempt, or nearly as mutiny; and I was ordered to the quarter-deck. Two quarter-masters, each with a rope's end, were ordered. I had to take about fifty blows, not slightly performed. This was a sad commencement; but I most dreaded the displeasure of the officers, and the dismal prospect of four

years' service. My load was heavy. As I was busy, the next day, between two guns, the same lieutenant came along and spoke to me in a mild manner. I embraced the opportunity to solicit his forgiveness. He replied, "I don't hold malice; behave for the future, and you'll do well enough." These were encouraging words, and hope began to revive. This lieutenant, from that time, showed me many favours, and became my powerful friend. We weighed anchor, and made sail from Texel roads, had heavy gales, and head winds, and were drove about in all directions, in the north sea, and British channel, for the first four weeks. We got a fair wind, which run us past the Madeiras, Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands. But when we drew near the Equator, we were put on three half-pints of water each day. This was scanty, and caused us to suffer with thirst, a burning sun, and salt provisions; but we had to endure it. We put into Rio de Janeiro, in the Brazils, got a fresh supply of water, and some fresh provisions; but were very near losing the ship on a reef of rocks, as we were leaving the harbour. We steered our course to the south-east, till we caught the variable winds, then steered due east, and passed the Cape of Good Hope, in latitude 38 deg. It was about the month of August, and we were supplied with frequent squalls of hail and snow, and successive heavy gales. The top men had most to suffer; for they were constantly exposed, loosing and furling sails.

Each successive gale, the hatches were all battened down, except a small one, near the after part of the ship, a scuttle about two feet square; and only one person could ascend or descend at one and the same time.

And when the watch below got to their hammocks, the scuttle was shut and secured, to keep the water from descending, which was constantly dashing over the ship, and through the port-holes. The water would be a foot deep on the gun decks above us, as we lay in our hammocks, so that we were perfectly surrounded with water. I will leave the reader to judge what would have been the fatal consequences, if the sea had broke over the ship, and sent her on her beam-ends as sometimes does happen; or if a sudden heavy squall had struck us. If you don't know, as I expect many of my readers may not understand sea terms, I will inform you: we should most probably have gone to the bottom, ship and all. Consider what a length of time it would require for over 100 men to ascend the small scuttle before described. The above is but a sample of the many such scenes I have witnessed and endured, and which are in constant operation on the seas. We ran an east course till we got sight of a couple of small islands in the Indian ocean, called St. Paul's and Amsterdam. These islands are the antipodes to us in the States; or, as it is more generally termed, the land nearest under us. From these islands, we steered about N. N. E., across the trade winds, or rather, as they are termed in those countries, the east monsoons, and after a passage of four months from Holland, we dropped anchor at Anyer Bay, that is, windy bay. The friendly Malays spun their small canoes and prows from the shore to salute us; the bay was almost covered, and their songs rang through the air. It was, "Manah datam, O Belanda! manah datam, A?" that is, "Where did you come from, O white man! where did you come from, ha?"

and we were soon supplied with abundance of fruit, eggs, monkeys, parroquets, fresh fish, geese, fowls, ducks, &c., at a cheaper rate than I had ever witnessed elsewhere.

We proceeded to Batavia, the capital of Java. There was great rejoicing and firing of cannon on our arrival, for we presented the governor with a very fine ship. She mounted thirty brass cannon, all as bright as gold; and all the iron work that was in view was polished, and appeared as silver. Our arrival was in good time, for the native Malays had revolted at a settlement on Sumatra, called Palambang; they had massacred a number of the European settlers there, and the rest had to flee to save their lives. The Dutch government were fitting out an expedition of all the force they could muster, to reclaim the place. Our ship was destined to join them, but they gave us three weeks' recreation, as a recompense for our long and tedious passage; about seventy Malays and Chinese were sent on board our ship to do the work, while we were well supplied with good fresh provisions, and plenty of grog and wine. You may imagine there would be much confusion, in consequence of so much liquor among so many wild sailors. This would most likely have been the case on board of an American or British man-of-war, but I observed nothing but harmony on this occasion. We weighed anchor, made sail, passed along near the pleasant coast of Sumatra, and came to anchor near the Admiral's ship, that was lying at the island of Mentor, in the Straits of Banka. The squadron had been up the river to Palambang, made an attack on their batteries, got defeated with great loss, about 600 killed; and their

shipping sadly damaged. Here again, being a day after the fair, I kept out of that woful scrape. It is better to be born lucky than rich ; the worst of it is, I have no share of vain glory to boast of.

As I was a supernumerary among about 20 others, we were sent on board of the admiral's ship, to be distributed among the other ships, as the admiral thought proper. It fell to my lot to be sent on board a frigate called the *Wilhelmena*. As this vessel had been in the van of the engagement at Palambang, and was much shattered by cannon balls, we were ordered to Surabaah, a harbour near the east end of Java, where there was a navy yard, for the purpose of repairing. We had scarcely hands enough to get the anchor up, but with much ado we accomplished it, and proceeded to Batavia. Here again it was my fortune to share with this crew the same space of time and privileges of recreation as before described on board of the other ship, and which was performed with nearly the same harmony ; about 100 Malays were sent on board, who assisted in getting the ship to Surabaah. I was taken with a disorder very prevalent in that country, called the flux ; of which there died from our ship, on an average, about one each week ; I was about a month in the doctor's list, went through a course of mercury, and got well again. As soon as we got to Surabaah, we commenced getting guns, stores, ballast, and ammunition out of the ship, also stripping her masts of rigging and sails ; this was hard work in that hot climate, and I began to think hard of it, became discontented, and my constant study was how to get away.

As I felt a little indisposed one day, I went to the

doctor. I thought I was sick, for my mind was so disturbed and dissatisfied, that I felt it all over. The best medicine I received from the doctor was orders to get ready to go to the hospital. I was sent in the boat that went to market in the morning, and they left me at the navy yard, about a mile and a half up the river, there to await the arrival of a canoe that plied daily between the town and hospital, a distance of four miles by water, and but three by land. I was much delighted to find myself once more on land, as I had been deprived of the privilege for nearly a year ; and if I had not been on the sick list, I could have danced for joy. The Malay arrived with his canoe ; I got in ; and our progress up the river was very slow, as the poor fellow had to push her along with a pole. I was accommodated with a mat and pillow under a roof that was fixed over the hinder end of the canoe. As the poor Malay was pushing and tugging, and we were slowly passing under bridges that lay across the winding stream, I was drawn into meditation on the delightful scene around me, and the sudden happy change I had all at once experienced. On board of a war ship, all that meets the eye is bustle and confusion ; here, in this pleasant wood, nothing is to be beheld but the gayest scene of nature. I had just left a man-of-war, where most frequently the ear is saluted with blasphemy, imprecations, oaths, and all sorts of nonsense—and that from beings capable of using all their faculties in a reasonable course. Here, in this grove, how striking the contrast ! The gentle breezes among the leaves—the harmonious chorus of the innocent feathered multitude—the lowing of cattle in the adjacent fields—the sound of the distant gong (that is,

the Malay or Chinese bell, a large cask with a green cowhide stretched over one end, like a drum head ; it is smitten with a large mallet, and makes a heavy, loud sound, by which the time of day and the time of their devotion is designated,)—these were more to be desired than the vociferous language which had so long assailed my ears. In a man-of-war, the attention is constantly occupied by a display of implements of war ; in this wood, the God of nature displays the emblems of peace and rest in a most delightful picture. In a war ship, all tends to frustrate the soul, and keep temper on the move, as a saw in operation. How could I be but tranquil, as it were alone, in this pleasant wood, for I could not yet understand the Malay tongue ?

We arrived in sight of a spacious edifice, and landed abreast of it, at a distance of forty rods from it. I did not suppose it was the hospital, its appearance was so grand, surpassing the structure of any building I had yet seen ; for the buildings in that country are ordinary, and many of them composed of bamboo, (that is, a large reed.) I was conducted through a long delightful archway, composed of vines, under which was a smooth clay hard-trodden walk, each side of which was selvaged with about four feet of green grass, till I came to the hospital, where I ascended a stairway into a piazza that surrounded the building. I was soon visited by the doctor, who commanded the attendants to bring me a suit of clean linen clothes ; this done, they conducted me to a clean room, in which there were about thirty patients, and showed me my lodgings. “But,” you will say, “you was not sick ; how comes it that the doctor was not aware of that ? You had more need of the cook’s

assistance than the doctor's." The symptoms of the dysentery are not easily perceived, and their credulity was also in my favour ; they did not think a man would say he was sick, if he was not. I now know that it was far from rectitude, and felt condemned in the time of it ; but what carnal-minded person is there, who would not cut the chain of bondage with any weapon he could get hold of ? As mercury is found to be the surest remedy for the flux or diarrhœa, that is very fatal in that country, I had to go through a course of that medicine, and was a fortnight with my tongue swollen, and my mouth so sore that I could not bear boiled rice in it ; I then found out that something ailed me. When I got better, the head doctor kept me from going on board of the frigate, that I might assist him as interpreter ; for there were many American and English sailors in that hospital, and the doctor could not speak with them. This situation suited me as well as to be on board at hard labour, but I had many dismal scenes to witness ; some in acute agony, some dying ; more or less every day were conveyed to the dead ward ; many drop into the grave there, whose fatal end is for ever obscured from their friends and relatives. Witnessing so many deaths had but little effect on me at that time. When a dead body came to my view, it would bring something of an indifferent solemnity over me, and I would think, " Well, there goes another ; my turn will come by and by."

My sympathy was often excited by the heart-rending emotions exhibited by some, who had their senses in their last moments. One or two in particular excited my attention, viz : the mate of an Indiaman, a large ship called the Borneo ; he was a young man, and had a



young wife in London. He had her profile with him. Just before he died, he would frequently pull it from his bosom, and would gaze upon it with great intensity and solicitude, while the tears were streaming down his face. O deluded man! the beloved beautiful clay was his god, in those critical and precious moments. John Rollands, a young man about 20 years of age, was my companion, before he died; and I attended him in his last moments: with writhing, and bitter lamentations, he expired. "My mother! oh my mother!" he would frequently exclaim; and to think and speak of her seemed to be all his desire. The old saying is, "One's meat is the other's poison." The reverse of this saying was the case with me; for every one that died gave me what money they had, till it amounted to ten or twelve dollars. This made me feel rich again, and I longed to get where I could spend it.

For fear that I should be called on, to go on board, I asked liberty to go to town, knowing that it was a rule of the head doctor's to give each patient liberty to go, for his own recreation, the day previous to their being sent on board. This was my last, and only chance to purchase my brush. I got my liberty, and, the next day, put on my best clothes, not forgetting the cash in the pockets of the old ones. I slowly marched through the grove, before described, to the town; and called for my dinner at a tavern, kept by a Spaniard that spoke both Dutch and English. I sounded him on the subject of my intention to get away from the frigate; and found him true. He gave me information of a merchant at Grissea, a sea-port about twelve miles distant, that had a large ship on the stocks, and wanted Euro-

pean or American seamen to rig her ; and he also informed me that this merchant had two clever fellows there already ; an Englishman, by the name of Smith, and a Hanoversman. My mind was, as it were, on wings. " That's the place for me," said I. But I had to pass close by the frigate I was deserting. These thoughts sank my spirit again ; yet the good Spaniard told me not to fear. After dinner the Spaniard sent one of his Malay servants (the Malays knew nothing of my intention, for they could not understand us,) to show me where the passage boats lay that went to Grissea. Lucky was I that none of the frigate's officers met me ; for if they had, the jig would have been up. But I hired a canoe, and proceeded down the river, and availed myself of the benefits of a little roof on the after end of the canoe. Thus I passed the frigate unperceived. I gave the two Malays, who managed the canoe, all the loose change I had. This was an addition to their fee. I then made signs for them to go ahead. In a little more than an hour, I was landed at Grissea ; but I saw none that I could speak to, or understand ; and the Malays, Arabs, Persians, and Chinamen gazed so intensely at me, that I thought they all knew I was a deserter. I strayed along through the town apace, not knowing who to inquire of, till I spoke to a Chinaman, the only one that could speak Dutch among all the rest in town ; and he pointed me to the habitation of Smith, the Englishman ; who, when I entered his room, was as glad to see me as if we had formerly been intimate ; and the bottle and glass were soon on the table. I found him to be a true fellow, and told him I had deserted. He said I must not tell De Groet so ; this was the mer-

chant's name by whom Smith was employed. The place where Smith resided, was a large ware-house establishment, where De Groet's goods were deposited. And when he came the next day, to view his premises, I agreed to stay in his employ, telling him I had been left on shore from a merchant ship. De Groet had a schooner, which Frederick, the Hanoverman, was commander of: and he sent me on board with him as mate; thus I was at once promoted; how lucky! and more yet, I had no labor to perform. We made a couple of trips down the coast of Java to a small town called Kanantee, where the ship was building. The frigate sailed for Palambang, and I became my own negro. As all the government vessels were not enough to blockade and subdue the native rebels at Palambang, and they were fitting out an expedition for that purpose, De Groet hired his schooner to government, as a cruiser to guard the coast of Java against the plundering pirates, who came from the coast of Malacca, and very much annoyed the fishing and merchant trades. Frederick was to have the command; and I went with him as first lieutenant, or aid-de-camp. Our vessel mounted six cannon, besides muskets, and other arms; and thirty-six men, with a long swaggering pendant, also a drum and fife. Away we sailed, with a stock of vain glory seed. We ranged the coast for 150 miles, boarding and overhauling every vessel we fell in with; but found no pirates among them. We were stationed to cruise under the joint direction of two Residents; the one governed a small sea-port, called Poccallongon: the other, a similar place, called Teagal. We proceeded to the latter port, where we received orders to take charge, and wait till a large

raft of government timber was put together. This we were to convey to Batavia, the capital, a distance of 160 miles. While waiting for this raft, I had the privilege of many excursions along the coast, and in the country. The native males of these countries are indolent, careless, and easy; they don't appear to be concerned for the future: if the Malays have rice in their houses, which is their chief sustenance, they seldom think of labour while the rice lasts; they are inoffensive, easy entreated, and good servants, when not irritated; but barbarous, cruel and savage, if they are oppressed, and can get the power. The females are more frugal and industrious. It is common for a man to have several wives, who support him in idleness, by their economy and industry. Few men are seen in the market, selling or buying; and as you walk through the pleasant spicy groves, around the suburbs of their cities and villages, you will hear the clacking of their looms, in every direction. They sit flat on the ground, when weaving, and the whole loom, or weaving utensils, are held in their laps, fastened around their waists, and to their feet. It is hard to find a Malay by his name; for, when he gets tired of one name, he goes to his priest, and, for a trifling sum, gets another.

As the fresh water at Teagal was unhealthy, we hired a small prow; that is, a vessel, to bring a few casks from Berbes, a river about twelve miles distant. I took two Malay sailors, and a couple of muskets, for the purpose of hunting wild swine, which were plenty in the island of Java. We ascended the river, about two miles, to a village of bamboo houses, inhabited entirely by Malays. I was conducted and introduced to the

Deman, that is, the head man, or ruler of the village. I was received kindly, and treated with great respect. All at once the servants were put in motion, as if the house was on fire; and the dinner was spread on a platform, elevated about fifteen inches from the ground, covered with mats, which also served as their bedding. They had no chairs; each one took his seat, as it were, on the table. I informed the Deman of my desire and intention, to try to shoot some pigs after dinner. He went to a corner in the room, where was a joint of bamboo, about two feet and a half in length, and ten inches in diameter, with a square hole in the top of it, from whence he took a mallet, and began to thump the bamboo; the rattling was alarming; this was the town bell. I was in consternation, but soon understood the meaning, by seeing a multitude about the house. The Deman ordered such as had muskets to get them in order before evening, for the purpose of accompanying himself and me on a hunting excursion. During the afternoon, I took a canoe and four men, and went eight miles further up the river, to another village. On my passage, I had a pleasing prospect of the indigo and rice fields, which extended on low, level planes, as far as the eye can reach. The indigo, when growing, has the appearance of beans; the rice that of oats. I had also an opportunity of observing the sagacity of the carabow, or Java buffalo, which has more the appearance of an ox. They graze in the cool of the day; about 10 o'clock A. M., they regularly and uniformly march in droves to the water, wade in till they are all under except the tip of their nose, and remain in that position till about two o'clock P. M.; and then they

return to the fields, to fill themselves with grass again. Up this river there was a ship on the stocks, about 200 tons ; notwithstanding at the mouth of the river there was a bar, never affording more than two feet of water. How they got her over it, I know not. I returned to the village, near the mouth of the river ; and after supper, we started in quest of the pigs. They mustered three old muskets in the village, but one of them had no lock.

These three men, the Deman, and three or four servants, with refreshments and something to drink, my two men, and myself, all started out of the village, and began to trace the edges of the rice and indigo fields. After two hours in silent tramp, and not a grunt had been heard, I thought best to separate ; and took my two men, and steered my own course, while I kept them quite a distance behind me. I lay down between two hillocks, awhile, to listen, and heard a grunting at a small distance ; it was dark, and I could see nothing ; I fired at the sound, heard one squeel, and scamper towards the woods. My two men thought I had him, and came running to me. They thoroughly surveyed about four acres of ground, three times over, in vain for the pig. I thought best to call it a lost chance, and give it up. I was about in the centre of a large field, and it was very dark, so that it was in vain for me to study the course to the village, which must have been four or six miles distant. It was my good fortune to find the bank of the river, and I was certain that I was up stream from the village. I took a piece of white paper that I had in my pocket, split a stick, drew the paper in the split, and hove it a small distance into the

river, by which means I found out; down stream I traced the bank, and near daylight found the village; so with this exploit of hunting, I made out about as well as I commonly had done with all my undertakings; I left the pigs, got my water, and made all sail for the schooner.

Frederick had got the raft under way, and having impressed a ship belonging to a Malay king to help to tow the raft from the coast, had commenced his passage to Batavia. The king, being himself on board of his ship, and finding himself gliding so far from the shore on to the bosom of the great water, began to be fearful, and begged Frederick to let him return home; but the raft was government property, and an officer in government service in that country had power over a native king. This raft was strongly put together, composed chiefly of large timber; it was 100 feet long, about 60 broad, and 24 deep, 18 feet of it under water; there was a house on it, and 100 men attached to it, with ten small vessels to tow it along; there was also a mast and sail, as large as a 74 gun ship's maintopsail, on it, a capstan, and three anchors and cables, the anchors weighing about 2000 pounds each. Our business was to make them keep a right course, and keep the pirates from molesting it. As the Malays are very inattentive, and too indolent to trim their sails in case of the wind's varying or hauling, I frequently had to take the boat, with eight or ten hands, and go to the raft, and make them regulate their course, sometimes three times of a night. When the wind blew towards the shore, Frederick and myself availed ourselves of every opportunity to impress every vessel, under pretence that we had need

of them—that the raft was in danger ; but our object was to make them give money to get clear. I mention this to show the craving, avaricious desire of men ; we were employed to hinder the very abomination we were putting in practice. I felt mean while taking my part of the money, and have felt low in mind ever since, as often as it comes to my recollection. By the above practices, we received a considerable sum.

After three weeks' passage, we arrived at Batavia. Frederick delivered his charge ; I visited several of my own country ships ; some of the captains wanted me to go home with them, and offered me good wages ; but I had good wages, good fare, and a gentleman's living, which I had no notion of swapping away for the sake of performing the drudgery of a sailor ; and I had no idea of ever crossing the equator, west of the Cape of Good Hope, again.

We made sail again for Teagal, had head winds and a long passage. When we arrived there, we got orders to cruise along the coast till we came to Poccalongon, and fulfil the orders of that Resident, if he had any for us. We came to anchor at a place called Pamallang, and Frederick overdid himself by walking hastily three miles in the country, to the habitation of the king whose ship he had previously impressed. This king had a feast every Saturday evening, for the entertainment of European gentlemen. Frederick returned on board, and we set sail and proceeded to Poccalongon. Frederick went on shore, and got orders to go and cruise off Point Pamallang, but he was very unwell, and concluded to delay getting under way ; the next morning he sent me on shore to do some business, which I did, and returned



on board. He was still in a bad state of health ; I advised him to have a physician, which he refused, saying they did generally more hurt than good. The next morning, before day, he called me, and told me to get the vessel under way, and steer for Point Pamallang. I perceived he was very sick, and requested him to delay yet another day, and let me go on shore for a doctor, but he said he should be better by the effects of the sea breeze. I obeyed his orders, and next day came to anchor about two miles distant from the mouth of Pamallang river. Up this river was a real haunt for pirates. The first settlement was sixteen miles from its mouth ; and the pirates would lay in it, and have a man on the look out, that when a merchant vessel came along that they imagined they could conquer, they would pop out and take her. Frederick told me, that if I had a mind, I might take eight or ten hands and some arms in the boat, and go on shore and get some wood for fuel ; and I started. As I drew near the shore, there was a prow in the offing, making for the river ; but as soon as they saw the Dutch flag that I had flying on a staff in the stern of the boat, they altered their course and sheered off, and I was not sorry to see it. She was undoubtedly a piratical vessel, and they might easily have captured me in the boat with only a few muskets, and then taken the schooner. I entered the river, got my fuel, and returned on board. Frederick was so exhausted that he could hardly breathe ; two men were holding him up and fanning him ; death was stamped on his countenance. In the cool of the evening, he was something better.

I had heard him express a desire to go to Pamallang,

where there resided a gentleman with whom he wished to settle some business. I ordered the mandoor, that is, the boatswain, to get the anchor up and make sail. "What are you going to do?" said Frederick. I told him I was going to Pamallang. "Wait till morning," said he. I told him I feared he had delayed too long already. "Do as you choose," said he. I steered for Pamallang. There came on a fog, and I could not see the land. But when I thought I was far enough, we came to anchor. After the sails were furled, we hoisted the boarding nettings, that those who remained on board might the easier defend themselves in case of an attack by pirates; for this was a sea-board; there was no harbour there, and the schooner lay three miles from the shore. I took only five hands with me in the boat, and in the fog started for the shore. My object was to get a place on shore for the captain, with the gentleman before-mentioned, that something more might be done for him than I could do on board. I was successful in finding the shore, landed, and left two men by the boat. There was a Malay village which I had to pass through. Some of the inhabitants heard us as we landed; and tidings flew, as on the wings of lightning, that pirates were landing. Had I been a pirate, the village might have been mine; for I passed through it, and there were none to stop me. All the human beings had fled, but the dogs stood their ground, and troubled me so, that I came near shooting several of them. I had then about two miles and a half to walk. When I got within about a quarter of a mile of the king's habitation, I informed the officer of the picket guard, that I wanted to speak with the king. I was passed from one guard

to another, till I came to a spacious enclosure ; a space of hard-trodden smooth clay ground before the king's house, (or I suppose I must term it a palace, to be familiar with kings.) There were a large number of musicians, chiming something like a tune. It was a delightful sound, at any rate. About three hundred Malays were all on their knees around an open pavilion, where the king and his guests, about ten or fourteen, were just taking their seats for supper. I was conducted to the king at the head of the table. But as he spoke but little Dutch or English, he directed me to Mr. Cook, the Resident of Teagal, who was seated near the other end of the table. I went to Mr. Cook, and informed him of the sad situation of my captain, and that he had expressed a desire to come to Pamallang. The gentleman whom Frederick was acquainted with spoke, and said, this is a poor place to bring him to ; there is no physician here. You had better go to some place where you can procure medical aid. Mr. Cook told me to proceed to Poccallongon, informing me there was a good doctor there. I told him there was one at Teagal, and the distance was much shorter. Mr. Cook said there was something like a doctor there, but he was a poor intemperate creature, and as I had a land breeze directly, I could soon run to Poccallongon. One of the party invited me to sit down and take supper with them. I told them it would be improper for me to delay, as the schooner was too much exposed, in case a pirate came along. One of the company asked me to take a glass of wine with them. I told them I had no objections. One of them began to pour out a glass ; another said, " Stop, stop ! he only takes one glass ; we are

drinking all the evening : what is a small glass for a man that is on express exercise ?” So a tumbler was brought and filled, which was as soon emptied ; and I started, got on board, found all safe, got the boarding nettings down, and the anchor up, and made sail. Frederick seemed to be better, and urged me to go to rest, and let the vessel lie till morning. We had got a good breeze from the land, and in the morning we were off Pamallang river. When the sea-breeze came in, we shaped our course for Poccallongon, Frederick came up on deck, and sat under the awning, and discoursed with me a couple of hours. I then began to cherish hopes of his recovery. When we came in sight of the flagstaff, on the battery, he went below to his cabin, and we came to anchor. I immediately went on shore to get a physician. Our vessel lay about two miles from the shore ; and I had the same distance to stem the current of a river. Not being acquainted, it took me some time to find the doctor’s residence. He had lain down, and with much earnest solicitation I prevailed on a servant to deliver my message. The answer was returned, that I must bring the captain on shore.

I made no delay, but returned on board as soon as possible, and found Frederick gasping for breath, almost insensible. But he could speak, with some difficulty. I began to make ready to take him on shore. He insisted that I should go to rest, and wait till morning, remarking that I had been up three or four nights in succession. But I was aware of his danger, and got his bed into the boat, under the awning ; I then had him enclosed with flags, which answered the purpose of curtains, and started for the shore. When I came to the

mouth of the river, the water was so low that I could not get the boat over the bar, but I soon found a plan: as there lay several small vessels waiting for the water to rise, I was under the necessity of impressing their hands; they carried my boat over the bar, and I got the captain to the doctor's house. After the doctor had examined him, he told me, in private, that Frederick's disorder was the putrified fever, and said he could not tell how it would terminate till the next morning. The next difficulty was to find a house where the captain could stay. This was no easy task; for although many would be termed charitable, few had benevolence enough to admit a sick stranger into their house. I had to go in quest of a place, an entire stranger, and knowing little of the ways of the country. It was in the evening, and dark; I strayed along, looking at every house, not knowing which to enter. As I was passing a large elegant fabric, I thought "the higher the water, the better the swimming;" and I mustered courage enough to go in. It was the dwelling of Mr. Thomas, the agent of the orphan institution. I made known my request. A lady who happened to be there on a visit, told me she had a small bamboo house; if I would pay for the use of it, I might have it. I agreed to give her price, and she sent a lad to conduct me to where it stood. When I returned to the doctor's, he had a room already partitioned off; these partitions, so easily put up, are bamboo splints, wove together, and kept in readiness to be put up in a few minutes. The doctor said he had compassion on seafaring men, and had concluded to keep Frederick in his own house. I directed the lad to tell his mistress we were provided

with a place, left two servants of the captain's to take care of him, and returned to the schooner for the night, as it would have been improper to leave her in an open roadstead, with none but indolent Malays on board.

The next morning, I took about 400 dollars, that were secreted under the cabin floor, unknown to the Malays, for fear that they might rise on us and take the schooner, as they often are inclined to do, and went on shore. I found Frederick something better than when I left him the night previous. I had the money counted in his presence, and had the doctor and a student for witnesses. I then went to the Resident for information how to proceed, and to know if he had any demands on the schooner. He told me he had nothing of importance to be performed by the schooner; that I could wait till the scale turned one way or the other with the captain. My anxiety to perform the vessel's duty was on behalf of De Groet, that her hire should not be stopped. I returned on board at night, and came on shore the next morning.

As I was passing through a pleasant grove, on my way to the doctor's, I met Mr. Francis, a merchant, the gentleman that objected to my taking the small glass of wine at the feast, who informed me that Frederick had expired during the night. This tidings caused a solemnity to come over me, such as I had never felt before. He had showed me the kindness of a brother. He was a man of good understanding, and made good use of it. His influence was not small, and I had the promise of its benefit. In short, my best and only friend was gone; although I was very much hardened, I could not forbear shedding a few tears. He

was buried under the honours (if it can be termed honours) of war; the commander of the garrison sent a company of soldiers to discharge their muskets over his grave—a sad compliment; as if they should say, “Your body may rest here, but your spirit and soul shall forever partake of the glorious trophies of murder, bloodshed, and slaughter.”

After the burial ceremony was over, I went to the Resident for orders how to proceed. He told me there was nothing of importance for the schooner to do; that I had better send tidings by letter to De Groet, and wait for his answer. This I did, and received a letter from De Groet, containing directions how he wished me to proceed. At the close of his letters, he never omitted the following sentence: “And don’t forget to use the Malays well.” His wish that I should use the Malays well, was not through good will to the poor ignorant natives, or from any pacific, charitable, or benevolent disposition which he cherished; but because he feared the Malays would rise on me, and he should lose his vessel. A little previous to our departure from Grissea, I saw fifteen Malays executed for taking a schooner that they belonged to, and massacring the white officers. But his caution to me was not needed, for I had no disposition to treat them ill. I now had to purchase the provisions for the crew of the schooner, and had orders from De Groet to draw what money I had need of from the Resident.

I was now becoming noted among the higher classes of society. I am glad I had not the faculty of getting rich. As I was rather too easy with the Malays, they began to take some liberties, of which I thought best

to deprive them. Half of the crew got into a habit of getting on shore, and absenting themselves, by turns, staying on shore with their wives; by which means my force on board was weakened, and sometimes the pirates were bold enough to come among the vessels lying in the roadstead. To put a stop to their practice of staying on shore, I gave them liberty to bring their wives and girls on board at night, and set them on shore in the morning. The Malay females are generally as good in battle as the men; and I thought they would be better on board with the men, than the men on shore at a distance of four miles, in case of an attack.

I was returning on board from the shore one evening, just after dark, and had lain down on the cushions under the awning in the stern of the boat, and being somewhat fatigued, had fallen partly into a doze. In this situation, between asleep and awake, I heard the voice of a female hailing the boat. Thinking that she belonged to some of the men, I told them to take her on board. While they pulled the boat towards the shore, and were in the act of taking her in, I fell asleep again, but was awakened by a person squeezing my wrist; I looked up, and was not a little surprised to see a beautiful girl seated near me, and having hold of my hand. I asked her what she did by me, and told her to go to the man she belonged to. The mandoor was sitting close at my head, steering the boat, and told me that she had no man, but only wanted to speak to me. I took another look at her by the light of the stars, and formed an opinion, which was correct, that she was a fair innocent girl, and I made up my mind to be her



protector. When we got on board, there was a heavy swell running, the women were nearly all sea-sick, and there was a sound about the vessel something like that commonly heard in an hospital; but Samoorah, the girl I have been alluding to, was not affected. In the morning, I told her she must go on shore with the rest of the girls, but she began to weep. By this time I began to get hold of the Malay speech, and I asked her why she did not wish to go on shore? She said she did not wish to have her friends know that she was on board of a vessel, (for those girls that come on board are generally mean characters.)

I left her on board, thinking to find out where she came from. I made the circumstance known to the Resident, who told me he would let me know in a day or two whether I could keep her or not. She was a Malayess, and many of them are slaves; if this had been the case with Samoorah, and I had kept her, it might have cost me two or three hundred rupees; but the Resident had means of getting information on the subject very readily. The Malays are not bought and sold, as slaves in other countries, from Africa; but become slaves voluntarily, by getting in debt. If you hire a Malay, and he takes up more than his wages amount to, he becomes your slave till he pays you; and as they are a very indolent people, always wanting, and not taking much thought for the future, they are apt to take all they can get, and so involve their whole posterity as slaves. De Groet, and many others, had so many slaves that they did not know the whole of them; many of them consisted of fathers, mothers, children, and grandchildren.

When I returned on board at evening, I found all well. Samoorah had a pleasant smile on her countenance, which I afterwards found was natural. The next morning, I asked her to go on shore; but she did not seem willing. I told her I would fix the boat so that she would not be seen, and that I would land below the town. We started. Mr. Francis had a beautiful garden and grove, that extended from the back of his house to the river, below the town, where he had a piazza and bathing-house. There we landed, and walked through the grove to the house. Mrs. Francis was a young woman, the very picture of Samoorah; they might have been taken for twins. She stood on the back piazza; and as soon as she saw Samoorah, she put on a smile of approbation, which was answered by Samoorah; they shook hands. I was not a little gratified to find them acquainted, and asked Mrs. Francis if Samoorah was a slave. This idea she spurned with disdain, and my gratification was increased on learning that they were sisters. I left her there, and went about my business for the day. When I entered the Resident's office, the first words he uttered, after the salutation of the day, were, "You can keep that girl if you wish." I was happy to be in possession of such a treasure, for I found her as true as the sun.

The pirates were making such havoc among the fishermen and small merchantmen, that the Resident asked me, one day, if I could not go out, and catch or frighten them away. I told him I wanted a few white soldiers, to keep the Malay sailors to their quarters in case of an attack; "for you know," said I, "many of the Malays are treacherous, and for the sake of the

privilege of a retreat, they might get frightened and kill me, then return with the schooner, and report that the enemy had killed me; and you know it is no more than requisite that I should have some white men with me." The Resident confessed that my request was reasonable, and sent me to the commander of the garrison with a letter, desiring him to let me have some men. The commandant gave me an order to the officer who had command on the garrison, who selected six privates and a sergeant from among forty that volunteered to go with me. I got them on board, got under way, and steered for Pamallang river. I cruised along the coast, boarding and overhauling many vessels, but no pirates among them.

I came to anchor one morning, just at daybreak, about three miles distant from the mouth of Pamallang river. As the men were up furling the topsails, the sergeant, having the spyglass, perceived three small vessels close to the shore. They had been ranging the coast in search of prey, and were making for their haunt in the river. I told the men to stop furling the sails, and let them hang; I intended to get under way, and beat in towards them; the wind was blowing from the land. The sergeant requested me to let him have ten of my men and the boat, and he would take his men; "and," said he, "when they see white men, they'll be frightened, and soon surrender." I studied on this plan a few minutes; and considered that if I let the boat go, and part of my men, and they should be overpowered and captured, the pirates might easily come and take the schooner; and if I did not let the sergeant have his desire, and the pirates should get

away, I should be accused of cowardice or mismanagement. I concluded that the boat should go, but that I would go in her. We armed ourselves, and started. I took a blunderbuss and box of musket balls for my own use; ten men, each armed with a cutlass only; five white soldiers with their muskets, and the sergeant with his. As we approached them, they headed from us, and slowly pulled away. As soon as we got near enough, we commenced a fire on them; they, perceiving we had nothing but small arms, turned head towards us, and commenced a hot fire; by this time we were close to the beach, and almost within hail of them. I perceived that each vessel had as many as fifty men on board, and I thought best to retreat as quick as possible, and get on board of the schooner, where I could better suit them with cannon ball and grape. I had given orders to the mandoor, before I left the schooner, to get the anchor up, make sail, and beat in to my assistance; this he was diligently performing. The pirates might easily have taken me in the boat, if they had had courage to pursue me; but they were glad to see me retreat, thinking I meant to give it up as a bad job. The sergeant, so brave and anxious to start in the first place, never discharged his musket, or rose from his seat in the stern sheets of the boat, during the whole fracas.

When we got on board, I made short tacks, keeping them land-locked in a small bay, like a flock of geese in the corner of a fence; and each tack, as we passed them, they were well supplied with grape-shot and ball from three small cannon, (the largest of them a six-pounder,) which constituted a broadside; in return,

they kept up a constant fire from several small cannon. This lasted about two hours, when I made a long stretch to the westward, thinking, when I tacked ship, to fetch in among them and complete the job; but the wind died away. They left one vessel, dividing themselves into the other two, got their oars out, and pulled off to sea, while the schooner lay like a log on the water, and I had to stand still and see them go. They had set fire to the vessel they left, and I sent eight or ten hands in the boat to put it out, and take her into custody. Meanwhile the sea breeze sprang up, and I went in chase of the other two; but they had got too much the start, and outsailed the schooner; but I kept after them till they were out of sight. I boarded a Chinese vessel, that was coming from the direction in which they were steering. The captain told me that he passed close by them, and they were very much damaged; that they were frapping their vessels together with ropes and rattans. I tacked ship, and stood for the shore, and picked up my boat and prize—only one man wounded among us, who had his hand shot off. I continued to cruise along the coast, after this skirmish, for a couple of weeks, but found no more pirates on that coast that season. Samoorah stood exposed in the cabin stairway, or, as the sea term is, companion, during the fracas, undaunted, and seemingly destitute of fear; for when I smiled, she would do the same.

The Malays are so indifferent and indolent, that I could not trust them to look out through the night; so I slept in the daytime, that I might be the better prepared to perform that duty myself. As I went forward to take a look ahead, one morning about two o'clock,

there were three small vessels steering straight for us. They had the very rig and appearance of pirates. I ordered the quartermaster (or, as the Malays term them, gummooda, helmsman, at any rate,) to put the helm up. I intended to run stem on to the largest vessel, thinking to sink her and get her out of the way, so that I might the more easily subdue the other two; but the fellow put the helm up and let it loose again, in consequence of which, the schooner shot past them. I hailed them several times before we got abreast of them, but received no answer. I told a Frenchman, one of the soldiers, that had charge of the six-pounder, to awake them; he understood the hint, took aim, and cut the foremast out of one of them. They were soon wide awake, and began to sing out, "Orang Java! Orang Java!" that is, they wished us to understand that they were people of Java. I told them, if they were people of Java, they must come to anchor immediately. This they readily complied with, and I wore ship and came to anchor near them. The mandoor came to me, desiring me not to go too near them; so sure were the Malays themselves that they were pirates. I hailed them, and told their commanders to come on board with their papers, or passports. They came, and I found them to be merchant vessels, belonging to Sherburn, a small seaport between Teagal and Batavia. I took this opportunity to send the man that had his hand shot off, and the prize, into Poecalongon, with a letter to the Resident.

After cruising a week longer, and hearing or seeing no more pirates, I returned, and came to anchor at Poecalongon. The Resident became very friendly to

me, and told me he wished me to come and spend the evenings with him when I could make it convenient. As I was an American, and he had heard of the glorious exploits of the Yankies, during the late war with Great Britain, he loved to hear me discourse about them. I was there introduced into first rate company, and invited to parties. The commander of the garrison made a feast, to celebrate the birthday of his first born, then one year old. Myself and Samoorah had to help to make up the company. There was a table spread for the respectable Chinese that were invited, one for the Europeans, one for the Arabs, one for the Persians, and one for the Malays.

The females are held in such minority there, that one table serves for all, or every nation. The Malays are not fond of spirituous liquors, especially the females. When the evening was about half spent, I found Samoorah at the back of my chair, begging me to retire from the company. She had been sipping a little sangaree with the ladies, to be in the fashion. I told her it would not appear decent to leave the company till it broke up. She returned to her company; but it was not long before she was at the back of my chair again, and begged me to retire with her. The best of the sport had just commenced, and I did not like to leave it. I perceived she felt the bad effects of the sangaree, and was very much ashamed about it. I thought I would put her out of the way for a while; so I poured out a glass of good Holland gin, and, presenting it to her, told her she must drink it, and that she would feel better. She took it in her hand, looked at it, then at me, and hesitated. "Don't fear," said I,

"drink it." She down with it, through grief, I expect. She went away, but soon returned, and could scarcely stand. I called to a servant, and told him to conduct me to a bed-room; I took her up in my arms, followed the servant, and laid her on the bed, thinking to return to the company myself; but I was mistaken, for she held me fast. I lay down by her, thinking she would soon get asleep, and then I could leave her. After half an hour, being sure she was fast asleep, I tried it, but was again mistaken; she had a sure grip on me, and I had to stay with her till morning, and lose all the delights of the party. Never after this, while I was with her, would she taste a drop of liquor, or go with me where it was used, if she knew it. Before I left Grissea, in the schooner with Frederick, I took a solemn oath not to drink any more liquor; and while I kept my vow, I prospered. But, no sooner did I take hold of drinking again, than I began to go down in credit, character, and circumstances. But, as yet, I had not gone so far, but that I could keep sober through the day. The passage to fame and glory was now clear for me. The Resident had promised to befriend me all that lay in his power, telling me that he came to Java, from Holland, a poor cabin boy; and added that his cash, and other property then amounted to 600,000 rupees. He also informed me that I could do as well, if I looked out sharp. I sent a letter to De Groet, desiring him to send a man to navigate his schooner home, her time having nearly expired. But he returned me a favourable answer, making me good promises, and desiring me to stay by the schooner, and return with her to Grissea. I concluded to comply



with De Groet's request. But before we set sail, I told Samoorah that I had a desire to see the family with whom she had been brought up, where she came from when she came to me. She had previously informed me that her parents both died when she was but five years of age. At first she did not seem willing, being, as might be supposed, a little ashamed for absconding so abruptly. But I urged her to comply, telling her that none would dare to insult her while she was under my protection. She conducted me to the place, and we were heartily welcomed by a Chinese lady, who kept a large store. In a short time the house was full, and surrounded by her former youthful companions. This scene, to me, was highly interesting. I could not but sympathize with their feelings. The lost sheep was found, and this was her favourite home. The lady received her with motherly kindness, and the tears of affection and joy stood in her eyes. She treated me with great respect: the table was spread with all the dainties which heart could wish. But when we were about to take our leave, the scene was so affecting, that though I had a sincere regard and love for Samoorah, I freely gave her her choice to stay, or go with me. I told her if she went with me, I should use her as well as I had done while she had been with me; but, if it was her desire, she was welcome to stay. She hesitated; it was hard for her to leave the place of her youthful enjoyments: but she said she would go with me; and I was by no means dissatisfied. When we departed, the Chinese lady loaded three servants with fruit and sweetmeats, and sent them to the boat with us. When the schoo-

er's time had expired that she was to cruise in the government service, I took a freight of tobacco, of a Chinese merchant, and proceeded to Batavia. When I arrived, I found De Groet there, who was not a little pleased to find that I had earned him 200 rupees, which he little expected, viz. the amount of the freight. There lay a large ship at Batavia, ready for sea, and bound for Holland. She was 1800 tons, and had uncommon good accommodations for passengers. Many ladies and gentlemen had waited a year to take passage in her. Her captain was very anxious to have me go with him, and offered me double the wages that his other hands received. But I considered myself better off, and refused his offer. This seems to have been an interposition of Providence in my behalf; for the ship sailed with nearly 400 souls on board. And when she had got about 400 miles from land, a squall struck her, which threw her on beam ends; her guns got loose, and some of her cargo shifted and fell to the lee side. She went to the bottom so suddenly, that only the captain, and five of his men, escaped from going down with the ship. They sprang into a boat that hung at the quarter of the ship, cut the lashings and tackle falls, and so got clear. Two of them starved to death before they reached the shore. Here, again, the truth was manifested, that it is better to be born lucky than rich.

We made sail, and after a fortnight's passage, arrived at Grissea. This was like coming home from a long voyage; for Grissea is a very pleasant place, and there I had the most delightful enjoyments of my life. My friend Smith was there yet, and all had been anti-

icipating my return with pleasure. De Groet had not yet returned from Batavia. The schooner was hauled up high and dry. My wages were going on, and I had nothing to do but recreate where I pleased. We were visited by many of the respectable part of society, who were entertained with sumptuous feasts. They all seemed to be very friendly; but few of them friendly enough to return the compliment. I frequently beheld the American and English sailors staggering about the town, in search of a grog shop, with their tarry clothes patched with different colours, blue trowsers, with white canvass, and red shirts with blue patches; and I would often think how many days and months I had followed the same disgraceful habits.—The question in my mind was,—Shall I ever be in the same situation again? But I could only answer that I knew not. The conclusion of this little book, however, will show how much lower I fell than I ever had been before. De Groet returned home; and when I had settled with him, I quit his service, as I thought he did not offer me wages enough; and that was the time I missed it; for his offer was reasonable. I had become so fleshy, that my clothes were getting too small for me; and being filled with pride, I imagined that every body else thought as much of me as I did of myself. I left De Groet, and went to Surabaah, to the Spaniard's house who helped me to get away from the frigate. I took a room, and lived in style for a while. There was an Englishman who had a trading ship that lay in the harbour, of which he was captain when she went to sea. But while in port he kept a store on shore. He wanted me to take charge of the

ship while she underwent reparation, and then sail with him as mate. This I undertook; but we did not agree. He found fault because the work did not go on fast enough. I told him to send me hands enough then. He said my face was too red for him. This alluded to too bad a course, and pointed too straight to the truth for me. I got angry, and left him.

This, again, proved to be a fortunate circumstance for me: for the succeeding voyage of this ship proved fatal to the captain and his crew. The name of the captain was Steverson. The true account is as follows:

Steverson had brought his wife with him from England, who had recently expressed a desire to return home. His wife had also an English girl with her as a servant. With this servant girl Steverson had a pretended falling out, and turned her away. He then procured a passage to England for his wife; and, as quick as she was gone, he took his servant girl home to supply the place of his wife. He got his ship ready, took his concubine on board, and sailed for the island of Mentor, near the straits of Malacca, where he commenced smuggling from the Dutch government; but was boarded by a number of piratical prowls from the coast of Malacca, who massacred him and his concubine, and took the ship. That ended his career. I still lived on shore as a gentleman, till my cash was expended. Till then I thought I had friends. But now I found them scarce. At last I had to humble myself, and take the low station of quartermaster on board of a brig, among a number of Frenchmen. I had now no work again. This was in no way agreeable, in that

hot climate. Smith still continued my only friend, and as Samoorah was far advanced in pregnancy, I left her with him and his wife, (a modest, likely girl, with whom Samoorah was very intimate,) at Grissea, while I performed a voyage to Samarang and Batavia.—While on this voyage, the cholera broke out on the island of Java, and raged with destructive sway. Some of our crew shared its fatal sting. When I returned, the first salutation I met, as I was entering the door of Smith's house, from an old servant, with his eyes full of tears, was, that Smith was dead, and that he had been under the ground but about two hours. This was a shock to me. I felt as if wholly forsaken, when I found that my last and best friend was dead. Deep solemnity pervaded my bosom. But I had one consolation; which was, that Samoorah was still alive, though she had had a child, and it was dead. This I have ever since considered a blessing; as I think that the Great God saw that, as I was getting farther and farther into the habit of intemperance, He could better take care of the child than I was likely to do. I staid at Smith's house that night; and the next day took Samoorah with me, and started in a passage canoe for Surabaah. While on the passage, as we were discoursing, Samoorah expressed a wonder that Smith could be so little concerned, during his short sickness, about his real situation in the sight of God. I said, "Why should he be concerned? he was a Christian;" and I was so silly as to feel and cherish a boasting sensation while uttering these words, as if the name of Christian was enough to save white people. But she knew he was wicked, and began to repeat some of his

recent wicked acts, as much as to say, "These he had need to repent of;" and this implied that there was a Redeemer. She never, I am sure, had heard of or seen a New Testament, or heard a gospel sermon; this, then, plainly shows me, that a deep, but latent, dim plan of the gospel is implanted in the most illiterate soul, and all they want is, the enlightening influence of the revealed word, to direct them how to get and experience the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. I was ignorant of these things at that time, for I went on swilling down strong drink, and cursing like all the heedless multitude; and none was more grieved than Samoorah; many hours, to my sorrow, have I kept her in patient waiting at the door of a tavern or house, where, with the rough group, I have been drinking and carousing, heedless of her frequent and kind entreaties for me to retire or go home. This treatment to her has lashed my guilty conscience many a time since then.

The cholera raged distressingly through that country for about three months. In the three principal towns, Batavia, Samarang, and Surabaah, there were from 80 to 100 picked up in a day, dead in the streets. If I took a walk a short distance through the town, I was sure to see from a dozen to twenty funeral processions before I returned. This truly was a season of mourning. I have attended them from the time they were taken till they were laid in their graves, and was so insensible that I thought little of it, as though it had nothing to do with me. When the cholera had abated, there arrived a ship belonging and bound to the Isle of France. Some of the crew left her, and the

captain (whose name was Black) wanted a second mate. My necessity was such, that though I was warned of the cruel, tyrannical, ugly disposition of captain Black, I concluded to try him. I agreed to go with him for \$40 per month; got two months' in advance; gave half of it to Samoorah, and procured for her a good home, with a rich old lady, who took her as a companion. She staid on board till the anchor was away, that is, out of the ground; she then got into the canoe, and we sailed away. That was the last I ever saw of Samoorah. It was a solemn day for me. I don't think I ever felt so sorrowful before or since, though I have been in much deeper afflictions.

We sailed to Samarang, and thence to Batavia. By this time I had learned that my captain was black by nature, as well as by name, though he was a Scotchman, and had a fair white skin. I was taken with the Java fever, that is, the ague and fever; and the captain used language too ridiculous to write, swearing that nothing ailed me; and to irritate me, when the fever came on, he would set a man to splitting wood over my head, though there was room enough about the deck. He went on shore at Batavia to ship some more hands, and told the little deceitful mate we had, to go on board of another ship and borrow a long-boat to fetch off some fresh water; and if he could not get one, to get our own out. The mate went on board of another ship, and got so intoxicated instead of getting a long-boat, that he did not get back till just before the captain came on board at night. During this time I worked my best, as for life, with very few hands, to get our boat out, which leaked so that she filled as quick as she struck the

water ; and notwithstanding the captain could not but perceive that the mate was drunk, he thought best, for some reason, to place the blame on me. My folly was, that instead of getting the long-boat out, I might have hailed a boat and gone on shore, bag and baggage, and so got clear of the brutish tyrant.

The same day that we sailed from Batavia, by the captain's orders, I served out to the sailors a month's provisions, which consisted of a small quantity of salt fish, and gee, that is, stinking buffalo butter mixed with fat. When they got their provisions, the indolent Malays (of whom our crew were chiefly composed) hove their fish in the stern of the long-boat, which stood on deck, and let it lie there till it got wet with rain, and rotted. I had told them frequently to put it below, for the captain would not allow them any more until the month was out ; this proved true. Fortunately for them, the ship was laden with rice, of which they could use as they wanted ; they had nothing but rice and salt to subsist on for three weeks, and my living was not much better, although I had agreed with the captain to have my victuals out of the cabin, such as he himself had. There were constantly several of the crew unwell, and the captain would order me to send them on the quarter-deck once or twice each day. Some of them were so sick as to be unable to walk, but the captain, rather than exhibit the least disposition of benevolence in going to them, only the length of the ship, would compel them to crawl to him ; and I have seen him beat a man with a large rattan, as big as my thumb, which he kept for the purpose, and in three hours the man was a corpse. He would stand over the poor



creatures, and use the most horrid, ridiculous imprecations and oaths, enough to make the very devils ashamed. "Run out your tongue, you Mahomedan b—," he would say. The poor confused creature would stick his tongue out, but not far enough to suit the monster; rap over his head comes the rattan, accompanied by a most horrid imprecation; such were his daily oblations. I had at that time but little knowledge of religion, but I have stood and looked at this Black monster, and wondered how God could let him live. I was sometimes tempted to join with the crew, secure the captain, mate, and a scoundrel of a passenger we had, and run the ship to some place where we could get clear of her, and leave her; but I had to grin and bear it.

We arrived at the Isle of France, after a passage of six weeks; and I was all joy, in hopes soon to be delivered from worse than bondage. The quarantine boat came alongside; and as our captain had forgotten to bring a bill of health with him from Batavia, which is always necessary, and the cholera had been raging in Java, the doctors refused to let us come into the harbour, but ordered us to get our anchor up and stay at sea, or go to some desolate island for the term of forty days. These tidings struck a terror on me, like the second death; but there was no remedy. We got under way again, and beat up to a small island called the Platform. Under the lee of this island we came to anchor, and had much trouble to keep the rocks from chafing our cables off. I contrived a plan to prevent this, by buoying the cables up from the bottom with empty water casks; and sore abuse was all the recompense I

got for it. After enduring another fortnight in torment with the Black beast, there arrived a brig from Batavia, whose captain had not forgot his bill of health, and was admitted into the harbour. This was fortunate for us; for as this brig sailed from Batavia after our ship, they could not prevent us from going in. The guard ship, a British frigate, was also in quarantine, in consequence of her boat having boarded us previous to the doctor's boat, when we first arrived. As I had been long enough in the ship to earn the two months' wages I had received in Java; I determined to leave it immediately. Black insisted I should not, and refused to let me go on shore, or to allow a boat to come alongside of the ship, that I could get ashore in; so I was under the necessity of taking my own four-oared boat that my father and mother gave me, and swam ashore. It was on Sunday, and I went to seek for an officer of justice; had I but known that justice for poor sailors had no residence on that island, I might have saved myself the trouble of looking for him. Captain Black, with three gens-d'armes, (that is, constables,) met me in the street, and he ordered them to take me to prison, and keep me till he should call for me. I asked him how I became his slave? but it availed me nothing; he was a rich man, a shipowner, and to prison I was compelled to go.

This captain Black was an outlaw, who had to flee from England. He went to Calcutta, and had to leave there also, and take refuge on the Isle of France, where many of the inhabitants, and chief in authority, were composed of such characters as himself. I was thrust into a dark, filthy room, among about a dozen

of the most miserable looking human beings that ever existed, about half covered with filthy rags; and their skin so dirty, that it would puzzle a genii to tell whether they were whites, blacks, mulattoes, or Indians. But grog was their delight and desire; for the iron door was scarcely shut, when they all began to dance around me, some singing, and others demanding money to pay my entrance. I thought if I should stay long there, I should pay dear enough, without giving money; but I could not get clear, so I handed them a rupee, and they procured a gallon of new rum. I remained there two days and nights, and all we had to eat was a small tub of boiled rice, twice each day, and about a quarter of a pound of salt beef. I managed it so as to send a note to the captain of the frigate, that lay there as guard ship, to prevent the slave-trade, and he ordered Captain Black to set me at liberty. The captain of the frigate befriended me through animosity to Captain Black, because he had been the means of the frigate's being a fortnight at quarantine.

I got my chest and clothes out of the ship, to a boarding house, and I was constantly in search of a chance to get back to Java. But the recent cholera struck so much dread on merchants, that they were afraid to send their vessels to that island. I felt very much dejected, and cast down; my whole desire was to get to Java again; and, though I could get employ to go to other places, I could not endure the thought. To alleviate my drooping spirit, I began to add the spirits of death, and went on from bad to worse. When I went to speak to a captain or merchant, to solicit employ, I was generally so top-heavy, that they would spurn me

from them with disdain. My cash was soon expended, and my clothes fast absconding for liquor. Oh! what a corroding evil is the thirst for liquor! How could I have taken a more perverse method? I took a short voyage, in a small sloop, 90 miles, to the island of Bourbon; and left the sloop as soon as we returned, to look for a chance to go to Java; but was again disappointed, and commenced drinking again, till the little money I had left was expended.

I got a berth in a schooner, and took a voyage to Madagascar. We arrived at a harbour in that island called Anguensee. We were nine in number on board, and the women came on board, the first evening, in such numbers, that I had eighteen to set on shore the next morning. When they came on board, the captain would give them about a half a gill of new rum each, and they would dance with such dexterity, that the schooner would tremble. The inhabitants of that island are next to cannibals. Cattle abound there; and the natives will catch them, cut their throats, and each one will begin to slash away through their hides, cutting out junks any where, which they clap on the coals, and, when roasted, they yaffle it down without salt or bread. Some of them use boiled rice. They seldom take the trouble to turn a creature over, when there are others near at hand.

This is a beautiful fertile island; any thing will grow on it. The British have frequently attempted to civilize the inhabitants, and settle there. But the method they took with them was always so full of intrigue, that they could not succeed; they would make the inhabitants many promises, for the purpose of get-

ting permission to settle with them, which they did not mean to perform; thinking, when once their foot-hold was sure, they could subdue them by power. But they were mistaken; for, as soon as the natives found them slack in fulfilling their promises, they would poison the water, which killed part of them, and then fall on the rest and massacre them.

A frigate from France was lying at an island on the coast of Madagascar, called St. Mary's; they were attempting to make a settlement there, and had succeeded in forcing the natives to the mainland of Madagascar. This frigate had left France eighteen months previous, with over 600 men; there were now only 120 left; and when I went on board of her, she had the appearance of an hospital; the sick were lying in every direction about her decks; they were about giving it up for a bad job. We took a cargo of rice, and returned to the Isle of France. I left my vessel again, with the intention of finding a passage to Java, let what would stand in the way; but was again unsuccessful, and again to drinking I went. My clothes were all gone, but one shirt and a pair of trowsers; with these I would go out of town a mile or so each week, and get among the flags or bushes by a brook; pull one off at a time, and wash them; and have to remain there all day for them to dry. I had neither hat nor shoes; no boarding-house, nor place nor means to get victuals, except what I got through the charity of the British soldiers, and now and then a sailor that chanced to come ashore with a little money. My lodging was in one corner of the guard-house. How different my situation now, to what it was in Grissea, when I could stand in the piazza,

and view the staggering tarry sailors passing through the streets ! And what was the cause ? Rum—nothing but rum ! and yet I would not take the hint. At last, I was smitten with boils, sore boils, from my hips to my toes, so that I could scarcely hobble along. I made application to get into the hospital, but there was no admittance for me—I was a Yankee. Besides the above afflictions that I had brought upon myself, there was one bodily infirmity more serious, that was through the effects of drinking ; I discharged something like a half-pint of blood each day. I made my calculation to live but a few years ; and O reader ! whatever may be your views of death, I think if I had died in the miserable state of mind I then retained, all would have been lost forever ; and I feel unfeigned gratitude, that, though through much more affliction, I have been spared to see and feel my folly. I found out a remedy for my sores, abated drinking a little, and got so that I could go about again. I also found out a method, though a poor one, by which I could gain a subsistence ; and that was, by gathering what is commonly termed cat-tails, for beds. They were large and plenty near the town ; the inhabitants knew not what to make of them, till I showed them ; but my work did not last long, for they sent their negroes after them. Not being able to find a passage to Java, and there being an English merchant ship there that wanted hands, I shipped in her, thinking to get to Java from Europe. We touched at St. Helena for water and stores ; this was about four months after Napoleon died. We had 150 invalid troops on board, with about 25 cabin passengers ; and there was much anxiety to go and behold the place where Bony was

buried. Many of them went ; but as I belonged to the boat, I was deprived of the benefit, if it could have been one. We sailed from St. Helena.

In latitude 11 deg. north, our captain died. He was a fine man. The second mate took charge of the ship, the chief mate having left her at the Isle of France.— We had a long, but pleasant passage, and arrived at Portsmouth about the first of July, 1822. I got my wages, left the ship, and went to London by land. I resorted to public houses, and, for a while, as long as my money lasted, forgot all about Java. Sailors were very plenty in London at that time, and many of them without victuals or lodgings. It was hard to get employment on board of a ship at that time. I was glad to take the first chance that offered, and was fortunate enough to get one with no trouble.

I shipped in a vessel called the Triton. We sailed to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, took a cargo of timber, and sailed again for Liverpool, in England. As we were steering out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, our captain shaped his course, as he thought, to clear Cape Breton Island ; and it was thick, cloudy weather, with squalls of hail and rain. At eight o'clock in the evening I went to the wheel. It was my trick ; all the rest of the watch were in the cook-house, to avoid the rain. It appeared very black ahead ; but I had no suspicion of its being land. I thought it was the lee set of clouds ; it blew very hard, and we were sailing under double reefed topsails and foresail. The mate, who had the watch, went into the cabin for some purpose ; meanwhile, one of the apprentice lads who was in our watch, left the cook-house, and went forward to take a look

ahead ; and it was well he did so ; for we were running stem on to a mountainous shore, where the ship would have been dashed in pieces, like oven wood, in fifteen minutes, if she had struck the rocks, which were not more than a mile distant. We rounded the ship to, broadside to the wind, and just crawled off. Here again is one manifestation that luck is better than riches.

We steered for England, through constant storms, heavy gales, cold and wet. The ship leaked all over her, and we could not find a dry place to sleep, what little chance we got to enjoy that privilege ; and the weather was such that we could get nothing dry. We were running with a stiff south-west wind, and it was very foggy. Our captain expected we were near the mouth of the Irish channel ; but could not tell correctly, as the sun had not appeared to view for many days. All at once the wind died away, and a breeze from the north-west sprang up, which dispersed the fog, and once more saved the ship and our lives ; for we were running stem on to the west coast of Ireland ; and had the fog continued, nothing could have saved us : for night was coming on, and we should have kept our course, as the captain and mate reckoned we were 70 miles further south, which made them feel safe.

After one more gale, off the coast of Wales, we succeeded in getting safe to Liverpool. When sober, and in my right mind, I still had the greatest desire to return to Java, which I might have done, easy enough, had I only kept sober when on shore. But this seemed impossible : and I am often astonished that I possessed such a perverse nature, and practised so much to my



hurt. After carousing like a fool for three months, I had the good luck to get a berth in a large brig, bound to the coast of Africa, for gum, ivory, and palm oil. There came up a tornado before we sailed, and blew the shipping in the docks all through each other, so that some of the captains and merchants were puzzled to find their own vessels. Several ships were wholly dismantled, and one schooner sunk in the dock. Thirty-six were killed and wounded in the city, by the falling of chimnies. Our brig had her head knocked off, and her stern stove in.

When she was repaired, we set sail, which was on the 15th of December ; but it was cold enough to skin a gipsy. A fair wind, however, soon made it warmer ; for, on Christmas day, we were running close past Madeira, with linen trowsers on, and nothing but our shirts. It was warm enough ; and we steered on till we made the coast of Africa, one morning, at a distance of about 16 miles. Although we did not approach nearer the shore in that place, yet the Africans came off in great numbers, in their little canoes, with rice, pigs, goats, elephants' teeth, some gold dust, and gum. The first thing they called for was, a bottle of rum ; and they would not trade till they got it. We had ten puncheons on board, to be prepared to satisfy them. This was the stuff that made the good bargains with them for our captain.

Many of these Africans were entirely naked ; others had a bit of a mat round their middle. We were still sailing onward, along the coast, and they staid on board till sunset, some of them who were more anxious to depart than their comrades, would get into their canoes

and paddle off a small distance from the brig; then they would stop, and call their mates, who were sitting on our vessel's deck, drinking and jabbering; they would start up, look as wild as deers, spring overboard, and swim to their canoes like fish, though that coast is thronged with ravenous sharks. We had a native of that country on board, who had been to England with the captain, the preceding voyage, and was now returning. The captain expected him to abide in the brig with us. But he pulled off his clothes, and flung them on deck, and was about to spring into a canoe; but the captain called him back, and made him a present of a musket, a keg of powder, and some other articles, which, I think likely, made him a great man among his native companions, for he went off with them rejoicing. We steered along the coast, up the bite of Benin, and entered the mouth of old Bony river, near the Equator. Here we moored the brig with two chain cables and a swivel, built a roof over her from stem to stern, and commenced trading with the natives.

We had a room fitted up in the cabin as a store, where were deposited all sorts of refuse goods. We had, also, boxes of old muskets cleaned, and made to look well, small cannon, and plenty of balls, about 500 barrels of powder, tobacco, and 15 or 20,000 bars of iron. Money is of little use among them. All their reckonings are made by the value of a bar of iron. No merchant there is permitted to buy or sell till the king has been on board to break trade. And sometimes he lets vessels lie there a fortnight, before he'll come; and when he comes, he comes in splendour, in a war canoe, about sixty feet in length, with sixty men, thirty on each

side, with paddles. His band of music always attends him, consisting of tum tums, brass pans, and pieces of plank, with splinters fixed on them, all composing a sound something like a tune.

The king always carries his father's bones with him in a bag. These, he thinks, are the means of giving him the same prosperity his father had. And always, when he is approaching a vessel, to break trade, he dashes an egg against her side. This, he thinks, prevents intrigue. He must also have a handsome present, which answers the purpose of custom-house fees. No merchant, or any inhabitant in his country, is allowed to wear pantaloons. This is for his own honour. The young people, both male and female, go stark naked till they are fifteen years of age.

While we lay there, we had four of the king's sons, who remained on board to learn the English language. They were nearly of one age, about 15, (as the king had a number of wives.) They would dress themselves when they heard their father was coming on board.— Their dress consisted in washing themselves in a large tub, and fastening a string of shells around their naked bodies. We had six of the natives on board, who are called pull-away-boys. These we kept to do the work in the boats, and pull them to and from the shore; as, in that hot climate, it was dangerous for white sailors to be exposed in the burning sun. One of these boys could speak English. I asked him, one day, what made black people love to sell each other, and send them off in ships never to return to their country and friends? "O!" said he, "slave-trade dat good ah trade, go up de ribber, kesh um neger, or ma be buy um, he wak in e canoe,

fesh um down, he wak ashore, go to de house, bum by come ship, he wak to canoo agin, tak um board ; he wak up ship side, dis no much trouble, dis slave-trade good ah trade. Dis palm oil trade dat ah debble ah trade ; must go pick um off of tree, poun um, to get stone out, den must boil um, den put um in a hogshead, rool um in e canoo, fesh em board ship, den hise um up, den stow um awa in e hold, dat ah debble ah much work." "But," said I, "suppose the king should sell you, how would you like it?" "O!" said he, "king no sell ah me, me good fren for de king ; king no sell ah me." This is depraved human nature, never mind who sinks, if I can but swim.

The object of their devotion is a thing like a snake, called a guanna ; but they call it juju. With this they make a great fuss, and would massacre the person that would dare to kill one of them, though in the West Indies, and other countries where they are found, they are considered most delicious food. As the king was returning in his canoe from a visit to the juju-house, our captain ordered an eighteen pounder to be got ready, to salute him as he passed. While loading and firing this cannon, by the mismanagement of our mate, in not stopping the vent-hole, it went off, while one of our best men was ramming the charge home. The fatal consequence was, he lost his arm. The sharks are so numerous and ferocious there, that they will nab a man as quick as he is in the water. This was proved a short distance from our brig, while we lay there. A canoe, with two men in it, capsized ; one of them saved himself by springing into another canoe ; but the other had his entrails torn out, in less than two minutes after

he struck the water. About the same time there was a canoe came alongside, with a lad in her, who had just been attacked by a shark, lost his hand, besides two other wounds. He had been fishing, and had got out of the canoe to pull up the stake that she was fastened to, when the shark made a sweep for him. Our doctor amputated his arm; we kept him on board for a month, till he got well; he would most likely have died, had it not been for surgical aid.

On the opposite shore of the river, lies the kingdom of New Calebar. Here the natives worship the shark, and make a large procession every year; a large multitude assemble in canoes on the river, with a human victim, who is bound hands and feet; at their set time, he is thrown overboard, and floats with the tide till a shark takes him; then there is a shout from the whole multitude—a tremendous sound. The French, Portuguese, and Spaniards, were those that came there for slaves; and notwithstanding the mouth of the river was guarded by a British frigate, they succeeded in getting out with ships loaded with them. We lay there four months; got a full cargo of oil, gum, and ivory; threw the roof of the ship overboard; and with difficulty got over the bar, that extended 10 or 12 miles outside of the mouth of the river, and was dangerous, as our brig drew 18 feet water, and there was only 19½ on the bar, and a swell running.

We were three months on our passage to England, and had to ride five days in quarantine in sight of the city of Liverpool. The longing desire to enjoy the pleasing allurements of this city, so long anticipated, and now within our view, made these five days appear

longer than the whole voyage had been. I had about \$60 coming to me, and six beautiful grey parrots that brought me \$5 each, and some other articles, making the amount about \$100. How often had I reckoned with the strictest precision every penny, making calculations what I should do! Never did an old miser make more calculations of his chink, than I did of my wages, and what I meant to do when I should get on shore; and so plainly did I view the evil, that I set up the strongest resolution, as I thought, against intemperance. But alas! where were all these good determinations when we got on shore, and came near the first grog-shop or tavern? They had fled; yet I frequently heard them, like bees, humming in my ears. Self-reflection, the instinct of past resolutions, robbed me of all, or at least the best of my vain pleasure. I bought some first-rate clothing, and felt as big as anybody. The theatre, dance-room, and public-house, were my only haunts. One night, I staid too long at a public-house before I started to go to the place where I meant to lodge, and they were all in bed when I got there; so I sat down on a door stoop, and fell asleep—had a little too much beer on board. The watchman came along, and began to rouse me, inquiring where I boarded? As I did not like to disturb the people where I boarded at that time of night, I told him that I had no boarding-house. He insisted I had. I asked him if he would conduct me home, if I told him where I boarded? He said he would. I told him I boarded in No. 63 Cherry-street, New-York. “Come,” said I, “show me the way.” He got angry, called another watchman, and they conducted me to the coal-hole, the

city prison, under ground. I was locked into a filthy room, among about thirty of the vilest wretches the city could afford. It was now Sunday morning, and the prospect was, that I would have to remain there until Monday noon. Bad as I was, I did not mingle in discourse with this group. I found out that, by paying a small sum, I could get into a decent, comfortable room; this I did, and was accommodated with what I called for. The next day, I was arranged, with about fifty of all characters but good, in a long passage under ground, to be called up before the assembled court as our names stood on the list. As it was near morning when I was brought in, I had to wait till the last, and had to put all the patience I was possessed of in exercise. When I was called up, the judge asked what was my crime? The watchman was there, and made answer, that I had used insulting language, at a late hour of the night. Said the judge to me, "What was you doing in the street, and insulting the watchman, at a late hour, for?" I told him it was an early hour, for it was but two o'clock; that I did not think of insulting any man; as it was so early, I did not wish to disturb anybody to let me in; I then told what I had said to the watchman, which set the whole court in a roar of laughter; and the judge told me to go about my business.

My money was soon out of my reach, and I had to traverse the docks, among the shipping, in search of a berth. My best clothes were already in the pawnbroker's shop. Now, again, the good resolutions that I had formed during the last, and many voyages previous, came fresh and with double weight to my me-

mory—but too late; and, as before, I began to lay a foundation on which to raise another fabric of determinations, when I should get something to build with. I found a berth on board of a ship bound for Belfast, in Ireland, there to take passengers for America. On the short passage to Belfast, we had a tremendous gale, and came near being cast away on the Isle of Man; our ship was very lightly manned, a heavy ship, and I left her as soon as we arrived at Belfast. I got into a boarding-house, where I was well treated for a fortnight. I got a berth in a large brig belonging to Belfast, and bound to Demarara; the captain, mate, and all hands Irish, but myself. There is such a stigma on the character of this people, that I knew not what would be the result of my being alone among them; but I did not fear, and soon found out I had no occasion to fear—for they were the best set of fellows that ever I got among. We arrived at Demarara, after a passage of eight weeks, and commenced discharging our cargo. Here again, as usual, I began to get discontented, and I thought I wanted to get to the States. I left the Irish brig, though well treated; and fell in with a good-natured Scotchman on shore, who gave me the privilege of occupying an empty house, to keep me from being taken up by the patrol, or town-guard. For my subsistence, I got employ at knitting fish-nets for gentlemen of that place; but as rum was plenty and cheap there, I had often to go without my dinner, and supper too. I found that this way of living would not do. I fell in with the captain of a brig belonging to New-Bedford, and bound to New-York, who gave me a passage home with him. The first night after



we set sail, as I stood at the helm, the captain brought me a good pea-jacket; so low had I brought myself by the distressing habit of intemperance, that I had no jacket; he also let me have bed-clothes, and when we arrived at New-York, gave me twelve dollars. But this was useless; for I had got to such a degrading pitch of intemperance, that money did me more harm than good. Strange, that a burned child should so love the fire!

I had been gone from the United States over nine years; and many hundreds of times, during my absence, had I, for hours together, meditated the joyful anticipation of beholding and enjoying the pleasures of my native land; only for two or three years I had my affections on Java. While for four whole years confined in a prison in Holland, with what delight would I bring the scene of my arrival in my much-desired native country to my view, and with what anxiety did I wish for the time to pass away! And to what purpose? What did I enjoy when I got there? Nothing but the degrading, miserable comforts of inebriation. Alas! this is not the end; the worst, by far the worst, is to come.

I staggered about the streets of New-York, from grocery to grog-shop, and from one den of infamy to another, for a fortnight, till my money was gone, and what credit I could get from my landlord; and then shipped in the States' service, and went on board of the old steam frigate, there to await until the sloop of war Ontario was fitted out. When I had got on board, I was as one crazy for three days, with the horrors. I felt as if I was beset with fiends of hell, within and all

about me. If I started to go two rods after anything, I would forget what I was after before I got two steps, then have to stand awhile to gather my recollecting faculties, before I could go a step farther. It wore off after awhile, and I was employed in knitting a net to catch goldfish in Italy.

When the Ontario was ready, I was conveyed on board of her, with the rest of the crew, and had the good fortune to be rated quartermaster. I got liberty to go on shore at New-York. Lieutenant Taylor had no suspicion of my clearing out, as my wages were \$18 per month, while seamen's wages were only \$12, and the service much harder, in merchantmen; neither had I the least intention of deserting when I went on shore. But the spot of my nativity came to my mind; my father and my sister; the latter was now 30 years old, and I had seen her but once since she was 2 years. I was going a three years' cruise, perhaps never to return, and this was the only chance I might ever have of getting home. But O, the sad idea of going home in health, with not a cent to help myself with. These thoughts occupied my mind through the day on which I went on shore; and, towards night, I shaped my course on foot up the North River, frequently looking back, expecting to see an officer after me.

## RESULT OF INCONSIDERATION.

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Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself!  
 How was my heart incrusted by the world!  
 O, how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!  
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round  
 In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,  
 Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er  
 With soft conceit of endless comfort here,  
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

YOUNG.

I WAS now shaping my course to the town where my mother had been resting in her grave for about 28 years. I had been absent 19 of the latter years—and what had been my progress? My mind and spirit were ebbing and flowing like the tide; now elated in hopes of seeing my father and sister—then sinking in dejection, when reflecting that I was returning home without a cent of money, after the numerous advantageous opportunities I had misimproved. The sting of conscience was keen, and I knew of nothing to blunt its sharpness but liquor; this I had not the means of procuring. I went to sawing wood at the village of

Sing-Sing, till I got a few shillings; and my cares of a serious nature were soon far away. I began to think the world of mankind were all rogues, and he that had the greatest share in it was the best fellow. Though I had been under the best tuition for roguery, I had no skill in the business. I had the will, but did not know how to begin. Considering the habits and practices of my superiors through my former life, and the circumstances in which I was placed, what could be expected? I viewed the inhabitants of a wealthy community, enjoying peace and the good of the land. "These," I thought, "have never felt hardships; and why should I suffer with want, more than they? 'God is no respecter of persons.' The world was made for me, as well as for another, and all that is in it."

I view'd a God of perfect skill, all things to regulate;  
 But little thought my stubborn will was ruler of my fate.  
 I view'd myself a perfect man, with those in shape like me;  
 Resolv'd I was to try some plan to rise as high as he.

To justify myself in wickedness, I contemplated the practices of men in authority, as it regarded nations at war. The rulers of a government will issue commissions to merchants, or any person, giving them license to fit out vessels well stocked with the implements of death; and what for? To plunder individuals on the high seas, the road of nations, and those perhaps that wished our country well; and I viewed human laws as a mess of humbugging stuff, calculated by the rich to keep themselves rich, and keep the poor poor. Influenced by such feelings, I was ready for any act (not including murder) of dishonesty that opportunity presented. When I got to Stillwater, I went and stood on

the ground where the house had stood that was my father's, when my mother died. Here I had a few moments' solemn reflections, which started the tear of repentance. I was sober, and resolved to live a reformed life.

"Oh! had my mother liv'd, and thought  
Of all the ills my folly wrought;  
Could she have view'd my future years,  
Revolving through this vale of tears;  
Keen anguish for my wayward state,  
She would have mourn'd my coming fate,  
And wish'd, alas! from worldly strife,  
Unknown I might have pass'd thro' life."

From Stillwater, I trudged about thirty-five miles to the residence of my sister. Her circumstances were little adapted to render me assistance, though I was received with welcome, and treated with fraternal affection by her and her husband. But I was urged in mind by extreme anxiety to make up lost time; and I started for somewhere, not considering much which way I steered. I thought the years of my life too far advanced, to attain to affluent circumstances by a course of probity; but I was resolved to have riches. I made an attempt to get some clothes out of a house in the night, while the inmates were enjoying the security and privilege that the silent hours afforded. This prize amounted to fifteen months' imprisonment in Simsbury mines. This was a death-blow to my prospects; and I had no way to cheer the gloom, but by reflecting that some of my companions were much worse off than myself.

“ Still lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !”

Here was devotional exercise once each week, to which I was compelled to attend. My conscience conceded to the truth of the gospel, and I meant to comply with its requisitions some time or other; but was determined to get into good circumstances first. I justified myself in contemplated acts of dishonesty, by my necessitated condition in life. On that ground, I thought that God, who was always ready to forgive, would accept of me at any time.

Where is the man of common sense,  
Such folly can excel,  
To think to sin at God's expense,  
And shun the road to hell ?

But Mercy view'd the lurking charm,  
The false, deluded heart ;  
And sent conviction's mighty arm,  
To pierce it with his dart.

Now gratitude shall take the seat  
That falsehood held so long ;  
While Satan must with shame retreat,  
God's praise shall be my song.

Yet I was for years in affliction before I learned this song. When I got my liberty, at the expiration of the fifteen months, I shaped my course to New-London, where I was again arrested for having deserted a vessel, that I had agreed to perform a voyage in. While I was in jail for safe keeping, till the vessel alluded to

should be ready, a fellow from the country was put in the room with me. He was a man of very disagreeable temper and habits; he irritated me in many ways, but mostly by keeping me awake at night. I had no patience with him, but threatened and swore at him; and our strife became constant. He awoke me just at daybreak one morning, with his rattling about, after I had been awake the greatest part of three nights. In the extremity of passion, I sprang from my bed, and caught up a bench, with which I struck him on the back of his head. He fell like an ox. Had he kept his position, he would have received but little injury; but seeing the bench swiftly approximating him, he dodged, which was the means of my hitting him in a tender spot. The first words he spoke were, "Help me up!" I put my hands under his forehead, to assist him. Think what must have been my horror, when they were instantly filled with blood! "Now," said he, "I shall die, and you'll be hung;" yet I could not believe that he was much injured. I had frequently seen men get knocked down, and lie awhile as if dead, then up and at it again; and I thought he was in a similar condition—merely stunned. He scrambled along to a grated window, that was stuffed full of old blankets to keep the cold out; after pulling them out, he raised the thrilling cry of *Murder!* Reader, if you want to realize what were my sensations, you have only to imagine yourself in my situation, with the dismal cry of murder sounding through the silent town and in your ears, and yourself the murderer. Lest you should be left in error, as to your conclusion of my character, in regard to fighting or war, I'll just give you

a short impartial sketch of it, if I may be allowed the privilege. I could always fight best with my tongue. If I ever fought, it was when I got penned up in a corner, and got a blow or two; but a braver fellow never sung a song in a grog-shop, especially if I had the price of a few glasses of grog.

For honour brave my mind did rage,  
 I thought it fine to wear the badge;  
 The glare of arms was my delight,  
 And yet I was afraid to fight.  
 What spirit could me so allure?  
 I cannot tell, I won't be sure.  
 What power could force me thus to do—  
 To love a thing, and fear it too?  
 A child might have a good excuse;  
 But when a man, what was the use?  
 To practice what I knew so well  
 Expos'd me to the pains of hell!  
 O foolish passion! How severe!  
 To cause me such a course to steer;  
 To agitate myself in vain,  
 And still to make me hope for gain!

The people in the vicinity of the jail, were alarmed, and came thronging into the jail, the door was unlocked, the poor fellow told his story, and the jailer asked me if I had been killing him. I denied it; but my master, or Mr. Fortune, had left me; and I was doomed, under the direction of *Miss Fortune*, the deformed lady I had been wooing all my life-time. The man was conducted to a room in the jailer's apartment, the surgeon was sent for, and Pilgarlic was deposited



in a little cell, which they termed a dungeon. The tidings came to me that his skull was fractured, and he could not live till night. Alas! my poor soul! thought I; have I come to this at last? I viewed myself as already under the gallows; then I could see myself swung off, and writhing in the last struggle. Not a word could I utter, excepting, "Lord have mercy on my poor soul." These words I constantly repeated for two hours. I think my mind was exercised much in the same manner as that represented of the poor publican; though I was not affected on account of the distressing situation of the poor fellow I had struck. Scores of people called to see the murderer through the day, and various were their opinions. Some said, "Don't he look like a murderer?" Others formed a more favourable opinion of me. All this I considered trifling. My distress was to know if the man was likely to recover. As the time wore away, my hope revived. But the terror of this circumstance was the means of my discarding many foolish practices for some time. This transaction took place February 14th, 1826. I was bound over to appear before the Supreme Court, which was to sit in October following.

As my bond was 500 dollars, I had to remain in jail. I was well treated, and enjoyed myself better than I had for any length of time during my previous life. Recollect that this jail stood on the spot where the old jail stood, when the Italian was confined, and went to state prison for stabbing me thirteen years previous. It is something remarkable, that I should be permitted to range all over the world, then come to the same

spot, and learn, by affliction, to sympathize for the sufferings I had by my folly caused one of my fellow-beings; though I had often felt sorry for him, while suffering confinement for fifteen months in the same prison where the Italian suffered seven long years.

When the court sat in October, I was set at liberty, and tramped over two hundred miles, bare-footed, to the dwelling of my sister. My mind was then inclined to lead the life of a Christian. My sister had been so inclined from her childhood, and she used every effort to assist me in the right way. Short was the duration. I got into lewd, intemperate company—let go the reins of integrity and probity—and ere I was aware of what I was about, I found myself safely enclosed by the strong walls and massy bars of Ballstown jail; and I suppose you would like to know what for. As I told you some time ago how I learned to plunder, by law, I now undertook it without a commission; my only stimulus was rum. While staggering along one night, I fell in with a small woollen factory; as there was no person in it to oppose me, or prove their property, and as I was in want of clothes, I took on a few rolls of satinnet; but I was so much by the head, that I could not carry sail; I was taken. The effects of the rum emboldened me to do the act; the effects of the same was the means of my getting apprehended. The effects of my long inconsiderate and dissipated habits, were now commencing a more thorough operation than I had previously experienced. I had been frequently chastened and admonished by afflictions, and had been convinced that they were the fruits of my folly; but my habits were so strongly riveted by the hammers of

example and practice, that a longer time was requisite to accomplish the labour of determination. My previous chastenings were severe, it is true; but of short duration, and therefore soon out of mind. Human nature is inclined to self-gratification, and deep-rooted habits are hard to eradicate.

I was tried, and sent to Auburn for a term of three years. In that prison, I found every thing as much calculated for the comfort and benefit of the inmates as consistency would admit. I never had cause nor disposition to murmur or complain. I read my Bible attentively, and had my heart and ears open to receive all the instruction I could from every sermon. In fact, I performed every ordinance of the law, and felt pretty happy. I also felt that there was something lacking. I did not believe I was a Christian. I felt that I was an unprofitable servant. I felt, as I truly was, in the valley of humiliation; neither did I ever again intend to climb the hill of difficulty in my own strength. But the time wore away very slowly. Each morning, when I seated myself in the shop, and cast a look around me upon the things too familiar with my sight, my impression has been accompanied with a sigh, "Ah! I am here yet;" and with critical observation would number each rolling month, week, and day—seldom bringing to mind that time with me might cease before freedom arrived. And I regretted the loss of time through life, not because I had misimproved it as it regards the obligations I owed to God of my life; but because I had, by intemperance, and other bad habits, robbed myself of the pleasures of the world. How would my heart drop below zero, when

the thought came to my mind, I am forty years old; and when I got liberated, as I travelled through the country, and beheld the peaceful dwellings of thriving farmers, and flourishing citizens, with their families and children, and all the comforts of life about them, the solemn reflection would be—Why have I been so foolish? These blessings might have been my happy lot; but alas! how sillily have I let them slip. And again I would think of Cain, the son of Adam—a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth; but I would fain have been as well off as he, as to worldly treasure; for he went to the land of Nod, had a son, and built a city, and called it Enoch, after his son. In fact, I had read the Bible through seven times, but could not find so miserable a character described on its sacred pages as myself. Judas Iscariot came the nearest.—Hosea the prophet says, chap. iv. verse 11, “Whoredom and wine, and new wine, destroy the heart.” This was near my case; and my foolish desires were not yet quelled. The chaplain at Auburn had made me a present of a small book on intemperance, and I found a passage in it from Galatians, like this: “Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.” Though I had so often read this passage in the Testament, I never had viewed it with intensity; but now I took good notice of it, considering how I should walk in the spirit—as if in works the whole depended—forgetting that I should first get in the spirit; but I concluded to keep it in remembrance, that is, to walk in the spirit, as if I was in possession of it already.

I ventured to the dwelling of my sister, knowing

that she possessed a compassionate spirit, temper, and disposition; and I was not mistaken; for I was cordially received; and I had learned so much scripture, and could talk (and, as I thought, feel,) religion so well, they thought I would soon become a preacher of the gospel; and I thought, truly, that I was not far from the kingdom of heaven: yet there seemed to be something wanting, and I thought it was nothing but a wife, so as not to fulfil the lusts of the flesh in an unlawful way. I went to the city of Troy to get employment, and got work at loading and unloading vessels. I there became acquainted with a young woman who came now and then to visit the woman with whom I boarded; with this young woman I made a hasty bargain, and we got married. The times became dull, my wife got sick, I could not get work, and was in more distress than I had ever been before, excepting when I struck the man with the bench. As yet, since I left Auburn, I had not taken a glass of strong liquor; but now, in my extreme distress, I thought I could justify myself in taking a little. But O! sad mistake! I no sooner commenced, than all the hellish propensities in me were alive that I thought had been long buried; at first I hesitated to comply with the tempter, but my extreme poverty and distress I took as means of justification; and I thought if I should hook some notions to alleviate my distress, it would not be so great a sin. I was like a new beginner at the trade, impressed with reluctance; neither could I begin at all without a heavy dose of the essence of the cane. I was in perpetual torment; there was a secret displeasure in all my contemplations of wickedness, which I conceiv-

ed against myself, that was inconsistent with any real enjoyment; so that, instead of lessening my distress, sin laid the foundation for much greater misery. But as yet it was small, compared with what was ahead. Stored with a bottle of the best ammunition the devil could produce, viz. rum, I made several attacks in the dark—for you know my admiral loves darkness—and as I was an adopted son, it was requisite that I should choose it, rather than light. I took several small prizes; but O, the dismal state of my mind, when I awoke sober in the morning! Now was applied the true touchstone, by which I might have proved the things which were conducive to my happiness. Little did I think how corroding the effects of these vile acts would operate in my future life. For instance, suppose yourself in my miserable state of mind; you have an opportunity of getting some great advantage by doing some vile act; whilst you look only at the advantage, and think over all the ways in which it may be serviceable to your pleasure or ambition, the temptation will be strong, and the more you indulge the above thoughts, at so much greater distance the evil of the contemplated act is removed from the mind. But suppose the thing done, and the advantage gained; and then put yourself in a posture of looking back upon the whole transaction, and see what comfort will arise from the reflection: such a thought must ever be attended with a secret abhorrence of ourselves; and how happy the man is who lives under a continual displeasure of himself, let any one judge. Such was the discomposure of the body, depressed by the effects of the liquor that I had poured down to raise my spirits, ac-

accompanied by a sense of guilt, that I have often poured out the remains of my liquor into the fire, but not without reserving one good drink to cure the horrors—resolving that this should be the last; but this last drink would soon lose its reviving power, and like the seven unclean spirits returning with the first, leave me in a worse condition than before. At last, I had arrived at a pitch for decision; my cruise was up: the gentle and kind calls of the Good Spirit could not, without necessary judgments, awaken me. I was detected with a parcel of leather that I had, without permission, imported from a tan-work by night. What was the confusion of my mind, when I came to my right senses, and found myself once more secured by massy walls and strong bars, is indescribable. My old admiral, the evil spirit that had been my justifier, was now far away; for I was so immersed in sensuality and wickedness, that the rougher methods had become necessary, because my sense of feeling was too far gone to be affected with soft ones. The prophet says: "Let favour be showed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the majesty of the Lord. Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not see: but they shall see, and be ashamed," &c.—Isaiah xxvi, 10, 11. Was not I ashamed? Not for the world's sake, or man's alone; these were small embarrassments, compared with those of an eternal nature. How eagerly would I have hid from the wrath of Almighty God! I looked back on his indulgences, the greatest of which I considered was in sparing the man's life that I struck in New-London jail, and the gratitude I for a while had cherished, and

promises I had made, and now, for the third time since then, in jail. Fire and sharp knives can only reach the feeling of a man grown stupid in lethargy, or an apoplectic fit, and therefore they only must be applied. In spiritual distempers, the same method is used by the wisdom of God. How was *David* called back to himself? By grievous afflictions and heavy judgments; by uncommon misfortunes, which only could raise him to see his wretched state: and what folly it is, and how repugnant to reason, for any pleasure of sin, to make it necessary for God to send misery and afflictions to dwell with us; to bring ourselves into so desperate a condition as to require so desperate a remedy! But the mercy of God is without measure, and, like the sun, rises upon the evil and on the good, on the just and on the unjust. Perhaps, then, it will look down on me again, and awaken me once more to see my danger, and the abomination of inconsideration, was my only hope; and though so defiled, I never once despaired of mercy.

I was again favoured by the men in judicial authority, who pronounced on me the shortest sentence the law would admit, viz. two years to Sing-Sing prison. They knew not that I was an old offender, but dealt with me as if it had been the first offence; for I appeared, as I truly was, sincerely penitent. Had they known my former practices, my sincerity would have been but little valued, and ten or fourteen years would have been my horrid sentence. But God knew my heart, and compelled them to act accordingly. A list of the names of convicts being transferred between Auburn and Sing-Sing yearly, was the means of my being



recognised at the latter place as an old hard case, as the keepers thought; and I was treated accordingly. It appears to me now that my Auburn suffering was the voice of mercy, and the extremely rigid treatment at Sing-Sing that of judgment. It was a bitter pill—but I am glad that I was forced to take it.

It was the 12th of December, 1830, on a Sunday, when I arrived at the domain of American tyranny—Sing-Sing prison. Its appearance (though a bitter cold day) caused the drops of sweat to ooze through my skin, and filled my mind with a doleful horror. One glance conveyed more terror to my mind than my treatment at Auburn. The craggy heaps of broken stones around the numerous quarries, the surrounding sentinel boxes, and the implements for getting out stone, all betokened abject servitude. Had this been the worst of it, my sufferings while there would not have been so intolerable. Like an apple-tree that is hollow, excepting a small part that supplies the branches with sap, so that it bears fruit, and makes as large a shadow as a sound tree—so it was with me. I had been worn out at sea, and by intemperate habits was full of rheumatic pains in my bones, or the effects of mercury that I had taken while in the Dutch service in the East Indies. In addition to these, I had a soreness in my abdomen, and a dizziness in my head. As these infirmities were not perceivable to the relentless keepers, they imposed on me the same service as if I had been young and stout; and for several months, as I was not able to perform what they wished I should do, I had to bear the unremitting strokes of their cadgels over my head, face, or anywhere that came most convenient for them to hit

me. The relentings of my soul were such, that I could not forbear weeping aloud almost constantly. I did not cherish the least temper of revenge; it was self-reflection. When I looked back and viewed the joyous seasons I had embraced at short intervals, and my folly in losing the best part of my life, and what I had brought myself to by inconsideration, my regret was of such a woful nature, that I have often burst into tears while performing my work, which if the keeper perceived, to alleviate my distress, he would give me a few raps with his cudgel. Three times each day, I had to spring with all my might up four pairs of stairs; and if I was a little behind, after I had exerted myself to my utmost to keep up, a few raps over the head was my salutation, and my victuals were constantly moistened and salted with tears. A scarcity of provisions was another cause of lamentation among the poor culprits. I was glad to see the season of grass and weeds; and many a time, after eating my meals, have I filled my maw with weeds, without regard to their name or nature. I was not alone in this practice; every one that could get a chance eagerly partook as I did.

While undergoing the extreme hardships of this last term of confinement at Sing-Sing, I ever cherished a sensation of gratitude as alluding to my sentence. But this gratitude did not belong to man, neither could I render it to man. The law alone restrained some of the keepers from taking my life. "Well," says one, "you must have been ugly." Not so. I felt perfectly resigned, and heartily willing to comply with the rules of the prison; but heartily to comply with the fiendlike disposition of many of the keepers I could not, although

in visible acts I did my utmost to comply. I was sensible that community at large were not aware of their rigorous practices. I was also sensible that spectators, and even committees, were by some means duped in reference to the fare of my unhappy companions. I was also aware that the testimony of a man like me, or any convict, would be little regarded. But I made up my mind, long before I got my liberty, that when I did get out, I would make an effort, and stick to truth, in publishing nothing but what I had felt and seen.

A man, one day, was ordered by a keeper to drill a hole in a rock which the keeper pointed to. The man got a drill, and went to the rock; as he knew not the precise spot, he mildly asked the keeper where he should make the hole. "Go to work, you scoundrel!" replied the keeper. The man commenced, but he did not hit a spot that suited his taskmaster, who sprang towards the poor fellow in a rage, and commenced thumping him over the head, arms, and thighs with his cudgel; the poor fellow kept shifting his drill from place to place, till the rage of the fiend was somewhat abated, and he left one victim only to commence with another—thus going on from one to another, as if his voracious appetite could not be cloyed.

I was at work one day with a gang; we were pulling on a long rope that was fastened to the end of a long heavy pole, for the purpose of prying rocks asunder. A young inoffensive fellow among us, who was lame in his feet, happened to slip, and trip another man, so that they both fell. The young man was called by the keeper (Mr. Paul Lent.) "Pull off your coat, sir!" The poor fellow began to plead innocent,

as to intention. Quick as lightning the cudgel met his skull, clip after clip. "Pull off your shirt, sir!" added the keeper; and not till the blood dropped from the unfortunate man's back, was he permitted to return to his labor. Once I was assisting about twenty men to load a stone about eleven ton weight on the trucks. The men's legs were so thick around it, that I could not get my bar between them without caution; while trying to find a place, I received the swift force of the keeper's cudgel on my pate, which soon let the blood into my shoes. At another time, I innocently (as it regarded what I then committed) shared a similar fate. All this was nothing, compared with the low practice of pinching our intestines to fill their purses. Mr. Marshall, the deputy keeper, flogged me once for having two small potatoes, and a bit of bread, in the lining of my coat. I had taken them out of another man's dish after breakfast, while passing along on the gallery. It was a practice among us, (as it frequently happened that some were sick or ailing, and did not eat the whole of their allowance,) that they would reach out their kid, that is, a little tub that contains their victuals, for another to avail himself of its contents. This was done without speaking, or even a whisper; but if we were seen by the ever watchful eye of the keeper, both the giver and receiver were severely flogged. I have frequently seen farmers come with their carts and oxen, and take off loads of our provisions for swill. The price was somehow divided among the keepers. I understood that it was the perquisite of Mr. Marshall. The fact is, as near as I know by experience and information, we were cheated out of about one-quarter of our rights of provisions before

it was cooked, and another quarter afterwards. Is this the way to mitigate the evil passions of intelligent beings? Do they not perceive that they are suffering for your aggrandizement, to support that same pride and sensual nature that causes them to suffer? Do those poor wretches not know that the law allows them enough to eat? Yes; and they also know that they are defrauded, and that to enrich some of their tyrannical oppressors. Can you overcome evil with evil? Had I not been stored with a measure of grace before I got there, the evil example constantly exhibited before my eyes, (not by convicts,) would have as constantly kept my mind in irritation, and forever prevented grace from entering; but the word of God was my guide and support. I have no doubt but some of my readers will be filled with disgust, when I tell about grace, and the word of God—as if my past conduct were unpardonable. If there should be any such, let them examine the foundation of their prejudice; for I am well aware that none who share in this grace whereof I speak, will condemn. If you feel the demerit of my sins more than I do, then I am in danger; if the Spirit reproves you of my sins, and not of your own, I leave you to judge your case; if your heart is humbled, and your works just, and you feel an entire dependence on God to establish you in the love of Christ, I have no cause to fear your censures. Whatever may be your judgment concerning me, I feel safe.

In 1832 the cholera commenced among us, and about 160 were delivered from the power of worldly oppressors. This, you may say, was a severe judgment on those wretches. Silly creature, if you thus

judge! Are we not all subjects of death—saints and sinners? Then this was no uncommon judgment on them that died; but fact proves that it was a warning to me, and all that survived—yea, even the lofty keepers, who little regarded the mercy of God in sparing them. What could be better calculated to strike solemnity through the soul, and fill it with the fear of God, than to see eight or ten of their fellow-beings, of the same form with themselves, going daily to the grave—to hear the sound of the hammer ringing through the vaulted space of the prison five or six times during the night, nailing up coffins—and to hear the dismal groans of the poor creatures that were attacked in their cells, and the constant rapping for assistance, with their spoons, on the iron gates of the cell doors? If this was not enough to strike a dread on the living, I know not what would. During this whole calamity, I never for a moment felt worthy to escape the scourge, and never felt afraid: but firmly trusted that, like Job's servant, I should be spared to tell the news. My desire is, that gratitude may never diminish.

“ Thus 'tis alone of grace I'll boast,  
 And 'tis alone in grace I'll trust;  
 For all that's past, grace is my theme,  
 For what's to come, 'tis still the same.”

There are very few that are so hardened, after experiencing such punishment for their folly, as they have to endure in Sing-Sing prison, but would be willing to lead an honest life, if they could appear in public as other men. I know that there are exceptions,

but in general they feel humble, as if their chastening had been enough; but they are turned out of this place so poorly clad, that decent people will not have them in their houses. For my part, I had difficulty to get lodging for money, in the city of New-York; nor could I get at all in a decent house; but had to take up my lodging in a low place, where I got a body-guard of German ducks, that took the plaits of my shirt for their parade ground. My intention was to get a berth on board of some vessel, and take a voyage to sea; but when I solicited any captain, they would turn from me with disdain; and some of them that I knew wanted hands, would tell me they wanted none. I steered my course into the country, where, after tramping without food, or money to get it with, and, one night being obliged to give a Bible that was presented to me in New-York, for my lodging, I at last got into a place where I worked a while, and obtained some clothes. At first, I was under the necessity of pulling my shirt off, after all were asleep, wash and dry it by the stove, and then put it on and go to bed. If such are the effects of the benevolent institutions of our religious country, I say, with one of old: "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!" Now, supposing they were better provided for by our benevolent men in authority, who, if they were not quite so covetous, might easily spare as much as the convict had earned during his confinement; I ask, where could be the evil? But the objection is, the poor degraded wretches would only get drunk, and spend it foolishly. By this objection, you must have little faith in the utili-

ty of your institutions. Why don't you make a law to keep them in prison for life, if you think they don't get any better? When your example agrees with your profession of benevolence, and not till then, need you expect to reclaim the vile wretch over whom you have influence, and over whom you sit in authority. But what have I to do with these things? Only to keep clear, now I am clear.

By the traverse courses I have attempted to delineate in the foregoing pages, you will, I suppose, conclude that I must be somewhere not far from the coast of eternal despair. That might have been my sad condition, if the thundering voice of conviction had not made such a tremendous noise about the hatchway of my soul, and waked up Mr. Conscience, the pilot—who, after sounding many times, and sailing under easy sail, ascertained the approximate danger my ship was in; and, as I was very weak-handed, my pilot urged me to call for Grace to help to work the ship, and Mr. Grace came to my assistance. My ship was near the stupendous craggy rocks of despair; under my lee, the hurricane of temptation was bellowing through my rigging; the dismal black clouds of discouragement made the night darker, if possible, than ever Egypt was; and the succeeding billows of distrust, foaming, raging, and dashing over my mast heads, and the glaring, vivid flashes of confusion, made up the doleful scene. But, thanks be to Grace, we got the ship on the other tack.—It fell away calm; the lightning ceased; the lowering clouds began to disperse; the ocean became smooth; I got out my oars of prayer; I soon perceived that I began to lengthen my distance from the



dismal coast. I have been rowing with little intermission ever since; the pilot has never closed his eyes since that alarming night; and says he never will; though he is well aware that grace does all the work. he also knows that if gets asleep again, Grace will leave us; and he might not be so ready to come at our call, if we should again be caught so near the dangerous coast of despair, through our own neglect.

Reader! aint this all nonsense? If you should happen to get on shore on that land of despair, I am of opinion that you will wish you had called for Grace, who would have told you how to use the oar of prayer. Objection—"You are mad, man. Will you dare to put me on a level with yourself?" I answer: By no means. But see here, friend—Is your conscience wide awake? If it is, may be it don't justly regard the truth. You are an intelligent being—a moral agent; and though you cannot destroy creation, what you can do you can do right or wrong, at your own will; and the smallest deviation from a known truth, as it regards your thoughts or actions, leaves you under obligations to call for Grace, without whose assistance you can never be free from guilt. I am, truly aware of the dangerous state of mind that, alas! too many of my fellow-beings are in. They think they are good enough. Fatal delusion! "Well," says one, "I don't want to read any more about your religion. The world is full on't. I can't pick up a book, or a bit of paper as big as a shilling, but what has some of your d——d priestcraft on it." Well, all the consolation I can give you is—What you call the superfluity of religion, must, and will add

to our condemnation if we reject it. I don't like priest-craft any better than you do, and I'll never be tied to any sect on earth.

As I have been out of prison some time, I suppose you'd like to know what I've been about since I got my liberty. I'll try to gratify you as much as I can, if I do put myself out of my course a little ; seeing the pilot is awake to look out ahead ; and I'll try to keep a bright eye to the windward ; for my commodore, the truth, is stationed there. I expect that many, who, through curiosity, are persuaded to patronize me in buying this little work, will be ready to say that they are intrigued. That will be a hard one on me, if it is true. But this I have for consolation, viz : that those who regard the truth will not condemn me ; and those who care not for the truth will only get disappointed with the truth ; and I pity them.

I went from Sing-Sing to New-York, in a steam vessel, and traced the wharves, from ship to ship, in quest of a berth for two days ; but 'twas in vain. I had to sleep on a bench, or on the floor, in a watch-house, and two different times I mustered spunk enough to ask for some cold cuts at the back door. 'This was extremely operose on my mind, and, I thought, if I must beg my bread at last, I'll make sail into the country, and bring up among the farmers. This was in December, 1832 ; and I weathered it pretty well until February. As I had made out honestly to get a few clothes, I started for New-York again, thinking to get a berth on some vessel. I got a ride a few miles, and it was the most blustering and cold day that I ever suffered in. Just after dark, I arrived at a village called Wrye ; and when I

got into a house, I scraped half-a-pint of ice off my face ; and although I had twenty-five cents, and offered to pay for my lodging, I went from house to house, till eleven o'clock, entreating the people to let me stay, but in vain. 'This is a hard story, but it is true. I went to the justice of the peace, and he told me to go to the tavern. I told him I had been there two or three times, and had been denied. "Well," said he, "go again ; I guess they'll let you stay." I did go, and was again denied.

At last I got about the centre of the village, and sung out "Murder !" repeatedly as loud as I could yell ; but as I had called at every house, they knew who it was, and were not alarmed. After a while, I went to a back door of the tavern, and, without knocking, entered the room and took a seat. The landlord had told me, a short time previous, that his wife and some of his children were sick ; it might have been the case—but they must have had a skilful physician, for when I entered they were all merry, and the landlord pretty well corned. He approached with a pitcher in his hands, saying, "You may have some cider, but you can't stay here." I told him I wanted civility and humanity, not cider ; and that I believed I could stay there, if he had any feelings. His wife spake, and 'twas done. What there was in my appearance or physiognomy that excited their terror, I have not yet found out. I assure you that, whatever they did surmise of evil, it was not in me ; for I felt as humble as a puppy, and perfectly harmless. The next morning, which was Sunday, after giving the last cent I had to the landlord, I started without any breakfast, and footed it to New-York, a distance of 30 miles ; and took up my old lodgings in Eldridge-

street, at the watch-house ; from thence I went on Monday to a sailor boarding-house. Though my old familiar habits were constantly exhibited all around me, I made out to keep the pilot awake, and in ten days I got a berth on board of a London line packet, in which I performed a very tedious voyage. My days for seaman-ship had gone by. It was mortifying to my spirit, though I had been to the lowest notch of degradation, which my shipmates knew nothing about. I say it was disagreeable to be willing to go ahead, and after striving to do so, be left in the rear. My shipmates and the officers were sensible of my ambition, and favoured me greatly, but advised me to try to get a livelihood on shore, if I could ; and as my bodily infirmities will not allow me to be much agitated, I shall try to get along as well as I can ; steer with a small helm ; try to keep the pilot awake ; keep a bright eye to the windward on my commodore the truth ; sell as many of these books as the people have a mind to purchase, and try to make good use of the proceeds.

Do you ask what religious society I belong to ? I'll soon give you my views on that subject. As a condemned culprit, I constantly feel dependent on the author of my existence for salvation, through the merits of Christ. I go to any church that seems to me best on the occasion—comply with their rules—listen attentively—embrace all that agrees with reason and the word of God—avoiding all human creeds and traditions of men—concluding all sects measurably in error, and measurably right. For the last five years I have, for instruction and information, been a strict observer of practices, both civil and ecclesiastical, nationally, collec-

tively, and individually ; and my conclusion is, that men are ignorant, selfish, and imperfectly to be trusted, since the fall of man. In every order of men, selfishness points to some interest of self, as steadily as the needle does to the pole. The clergy make creeds, which partake of the imperfections of their authors ; and where is their authority to bind men's consciences ? Every man must receive the law at the mouth of Christ, and give personally an account of himself to his Creator.

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## CONCLUSION.

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Life's failures and troubles must still be my lot ;  
 Hope's joys are but bubbles, and pleasures are not :  
 There may be some roses my path to adorn,  
 But truth presupposes they'll all wear a thorn.

As it is now over six years since I have altered the objects of my pursuit, and have been enjoying a regular course of civilized society, it may be interesting to some of my readers to know what I have been about. I shall therefore give a short, impartial description.

While I was in Sing-Sing prison, I made up my mind, (for the honour of justice,) that when I should get my liberty, I would write a pamphlet, describing what I knew to be the truth concerning the uncharitable treatment that most of the keepers exhibited to the

miserable inmates of the prison. I did not cherish the anticipation of the task with delight, but to the reverse. When I thought of it, a solemn awe rested on my mind. I could not persuade myself that those culprits did not deserve severe afflictions, and on this ground I put it off. Then again, the arrogance of the keepers would come in view. Many of the convicts are very much hardened, and will persuade themselves that they are ill treated, do what you will; but even in this case, prompt integrity, with mild means, are the best; for a cynical spirit will never beget love. I know, for I have tried it, that I can get a stubborn cross child to love me sooner by soft means, than some others can by bestowing many presents. I also considered, by my own measure, that in that prison there was many a sincere, tender-hearted mourner, many a bruised reed, that, if broken by the hard hammer of cruelty, might be lost to all eternity. Weighing these considerations, and finding the latter much the heavier, I determined to keep within the bounds of truth, wrote the pamphlet, and entitled it "Five Years in State Prison." There was no small excitement drawn into operation in the minds of the people, when, with a large literal show-bill, I commenced selling my stigmatizing pamphlet about the streets and markets of the city. It was not long before I could hear the boys in all directions crying out, "Five years in State Prison! here comes Five Years in State Prison!" This was truly humiliating to the natural man; and had it not been that I was in straitened circumstances, I think my pride would have overcome my desire to do good. But truth, extracted from necessity, is as good as if it was on the foundation.

of prejudice. I soon found, however, that necessity was but a poor safeguard for truth, in the estimation of most people. I was bold to attest to the truth of the above pamphlet, as being my own experience. Some were so swelled with haughty disdain, that they said, (seldom without an imprecation or an oath,) "You ought to go back, and stay there for life." It was hard for me to keep from retaliating; sometimes I got off my guard, but generally kept in mind that humility is better than pride.

There were some gentlemen (I suppose I must term them) at a wholesale store, near Whitehall-street, one day, who asked me what I would take to read one of the pamphlets through? I made them no answer; they offered me, I think, twenty-five cents. I thought I could do it in less than an hour, and that would be good wages; but the condition was, that I was to mount, and stand on a pile of codfish, and in the form of an orator perform the task. As in the pamphlet the baseness of my past acts was plainly developed, the task was not a small one. My boldness was not of the brazen sort, yet I hated to be defeated. They staked the money; I mounted; the force of my agitation produced the cold sweat, but I read on; while they, observing my firmness, purchased a pamphlet, left me the twenty-five cents, and retired. I sold eleven thousand of these pamphlets; but it took me so long, and my expenses were so great on steamboats, railroads, and other ways, that I did not make much.

I must remark, that I met with but little opposition from the candid part of community. It was only from the vulgar and profane, and those who were constrained.

from vicious practices, and vulgar language, by policy, worldly honour, or what I shall term devilish integrity, generally to be met with around hotels, theatres, and livery stables, on a Sunday morning. No preacher, and few other men, have the advantage that I had in selling those pamphlets, of obtaining a knowledge of the positions of the minds of men or youth. Those who had no internal knowledge of reformation, and were base themselves, seeing my exhibition, and hearing my confession, and taking me to be one of the vilest wretches on earth, blazed out in their natural and corrupted light. Had I been a man in reputation and credit, or had I been a preacher, or had I substantially proved myself innocent of the crimes for which I went to state prison, the vulgar and profligate would have thrown a garb of innocence over his evil propensities, which would have left me in the dark as to a knowledge of his character. I also had frequent opportunities of removing, or stirring up the erroneous prejudices, that too easily get a seat in the minds of professors of Christianity. Having but little knowledge of human creeds, or church government, (Alas, had I but continued so!) I went to the meetings where those attend with whom I was best acquainted, those that I took to be the warmest-hearted Christians—and that was mostly among the Methodists. I felt as if I were one of their number; for one year before, I let them have my name on probation. At the end of the six months, I was welcomed as a member of that society, and continued so to be about two years. During this time, I fell in with some strong written works in favour of Unitarianism, such as the society termed Christians



profess to hold to. The arguments they contained appeared to me to concur with the scripture, yet I did not wholly concede to them; I was afraid of undervaluing the Redeemer.

The strength of my faith in the Methodist doctrines was much impaired by the practice of some of their official members, the particulars of which I do not wish to relate, as it was trifling, only the common fallibility of man, so prone to be allured by the love of self, power, and opulence. I read a celebrated work on the doctrine of the trinity, commenced by Fletcher, and finished by Joseph Benson. But this did not balance the account; the matter in my estimation was yet the heaviest in the unitarian scale. I could not view the Saviour in the light of ancient unitarianism, as a mere man, neither could I see a glimpse of him in the splendid blaze of prevailing trinitarianism, as the self-existing Supreme First Cause of all creation. I prayed to God according to the direction of St. James, first chapter, and fifth verse; and used my endeavours to act according to the direction of Christ himself, recorded in the 7th chapter of John, 16th and 17th verses. This, all will acknowledge to be the only right way, (the confirmed infidel, with some others, excepted.) Whence, then, so much discussing and debating? What is the amount of it, in the true Christian light? For my part, I feel a ponderous weight of obligation to guard against it. But so strong is the desire for the gratification of self-will, in most people, that they are easily infatuated: for, let a man have the most strict desire, heartfelt, internally, to adhere to the import of the Bible, though his argument be intuitive, if it crosses the

established notion, it is rejected. How often do you hear, after the preacher has been slinging fire-brands at those he rejects, as embracing erroneous tenets, among the dispersing congregation, "Did'nt he give it to them? was'nt that a good one for them," &c. This exhibits to me the spirit of Jehu, "Come, see my zeal for the house of the Lord." Don't think by the above, that I wish to convey the idea that I am perfect, or as perfect as I might, or ought to be. Alas for me! this is not the case; I too often have to lament that my zeal outgoes my knowledge. But I have a powerful help at hand, always ready, when I call; no less than that Spirit which the Lord said should come into the world, to reprove of sin, righteousness, and judgment; and I ever hope to cherish a sense of gratitude, as I know I am gaining ground. If I fall, it will be my own fault. I would have remarked that every condition, recorded in the Bible, for us to make use of, is followed by a promise. If we do not fail to comply with the condition, be sure that God will not fail to bestow the promise, which is no less than the pearl of great price.

"I care not for government's stock,  
I covet no Mexican mine;  
Let prudence my cabinet lock,  
And never expose it to swine,

They know not its beauty, forsooth;  
They cannot its uses unfold;  
Go buy it from heaven, dear youth,  
Nor sell it for millions of gold."

I have come to the conclusion, of late, that I will not be troubled about the "Lo heres, or lo theres;" for a few reasons, which it will probably be no harm to explain. I conclude that error exists, in a greater or less degree, among every class of Christian professors, as a community. To the reverse of this, much truth is intended, and in operation among the same. I feel under no obligation, as it regards tenets, to any society; for I got my knowledge from the Bible: and my wisdom, be it little or much, from the same fountain from whence all Christians profess to obtain theirs. But I do feel under obligations to give credit to every individual by whom I am enlightened and instructed. I look upon every house, or place of Christian devotion, to be designed as a place to worship the only God of the Jew and Christian. Hoping to meet him there, I feel free to enter. By this freedom, I have a chance to judge for myself, and not take a hearsay to judge my fellows with; striving to live by no law, but the law of faith and good works. "Yes," says one, "I think your policy is good on your own behalf; you can go through the world, and have no one to watch you." To such I can only say—Poor silly creature! what is an eye-servant good for? and what if I should be watched by one society, and that only where I am known, if inclined to vice or folly, how easy I could pass for any thing but a Christian where I was not known.

I would not give much for that man's religion, who would hide from God, if it were possible.

As it regards the trinity and unity of God, I have come to the conclusion that Jesus Christ was God ma-

nifest in the flesh, and the only person in the Godhead, as they term it. God is admitted to be a spirit, without body or parts. You can find it among church articles. I think if the great Infinite Power had ever intended to be personified by finite mortals, he would have made himself visible to them. As we have no account of his ever doing this, I shall take the liberty, from scripture authority, of estimating for myself Christ the PERSON of the living God. And if the Holy Spirit can be personified as a part of the one Supreme God, so far, every one that is a partaker of this blessed Spirit, is identified as being part of the person of God.

The ideas stand thus with me: God, the power, operating by his spirit in us, this we can only feel; this is the most satisfactory evidence of his existence. God the Son, in person, giving us an example how to obtain that comforting spirit, of which his share was without measure. These are ideas concurring with the import of scripture, and easy comprehended. By comprehended I mean ideas in the head; but joy consists in the feeling of the heart.

I had pretty well run out the sale of my state prison pamphlet, in the fall of 1835, when I received a letter from a rich uncle, who resided in Kentucky. As I had written a large manuscript, my object was to obtain assistance from him to get it printed. I had cash enough to pay for the printing and paper of 2,000 more of my pamphlets. These were to bear my expenses on my long journey. I went to Philadelphia; but as I had sold over a thousand in that city the summer previous, I had not much success. So I took the

rail-road, and was landed in Lancaster. As I was a stranger in that place, I happened to put up at rather an ordinary house, kept by a social, free-hearted Hibernian. No sooner had he learned that I had been a sailor, than he invited me to drink with him. This is a common practice, too prevailing in its effects of drawing custom; but I refused to be drove by that teamster; I balked with him: I told him I should be a poor customer at the bar; and he could not but commend me for my determination. The landlord had an old customer, who was then absent. He came home the next day. He was a man of wealth, but a hard drinker. The landlord spoke much to his praise during the first evening that I staid there. My bed the first night was a hard one, and I dreaded going to bed the next night; but was agreeably disappointed by finding myself conducted to the best bed in the house; while the favourite old customer occupied the one I slept on the night previous.

I do not wish to boast of my goodness; but thus you see scripture fulfilled—"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him."

I started from Lancaster, and was about three weeks in getting to Pittsburgh, stopping at villages, along the Juniatta and Johnstown canals. In Pittsburgh, I made out well; then purchased a small skiff, put my boxes and trunk in her, and launched off into the pleasant Ohio. She was deeply laden; and the rapid current soon bore me from under the thick smoky gloom that constantly hangs over and surrounds the city of Pittsburgh. I could now congratulate myself as being

master of my own ship and cargo. I stopped at Beaver, Liverpool, Wellsville, and Steubenville. Before I got ready to start from the latter place, the Ohio river was almost covered with ice; and the people told me it was impossible for me to proceed; but they knew not that I had taken my first voyage over a dam in the Hudson river before I was nine years of age. I shoved off. It was seven miles to Wellsburgh, on the opposite side of the river. I was safely landed at that place in a little more than an hour after I started. Here I put up for the night; but on looking at my watch, I found it was about 3 in the morning, and concluded to start. I had 500 miles to go, and had no notion of getting frozen up, if I could help it. The landlord thought I was crazy, when I routed him up to pay my bill.— But I got my cargo in my skiff, and shoved off among the ice. My object was to get to Wheeling, a distance of 16 miles. But, in all my seafaring life, I was never so near being lost; it was intensely cold, and I had to use my utmost exertions to keep from stiffening. I sold my skiff at Wheeling, took the steamboat, and, after running the greatest part of our passage through the ice, I was landed at Port William, Kentucky. I found my uncle the nabob of that part of the country. Though I was welcomely received, I found him rather a hard customer—a slaveholder; and, as I had no knack of flattery, but promptly, in conversation, spoke the sentiments of my mind, I did not succeed in my object of getting my work printed. The insignificant, selfish pride that was in constant operation in my uncle's family, so disgusted me, that I remained with them but a short time. But I made an honourable re-

treat. I purchased a quantity of pamphlets and song books, at Cincinnati, which were repugnant to my principles. With these I could not prosper. I also bought a quantity of jewelry; and though it was my interest to dispose of it, yet I could not conscientiously recommend it; but often dissuaded customers, especially youth, from purchasing them. This was owing to a contrast in my mental powers, desire and will, acting in opposition to conscience.

The above, and some other mismanagement of my affairs, was the means of my having once more to wear thin clothes, with empty pockets. I have just laid out the last three cents for a candle to finish this copy by. So, good night.

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YOUNG people of our nation,  
 Of skilful information,  
 Who wish to hold a station  
     In probity and praise!  
 Just take me for a sample;  
 Avoid my bad example;  
 On reason do not trample,  
     And waste your youthful days.  
 Just listen to my story,  
 It is not one of glory;  
 I'll give an inventory  
     Of many vicious acts:  
 I know that some will pity,  
 While others feel so witty,  
 They'll scorn my serious ditty,  
     And laugh at sincere facts.

At nine years old I started,  
 From friends and home I parted,  
 Quite light and single-hearted,  
     My mother she was dead ;  
 My mind in constant motion,  
 To sail I had a notion,  
 Across the boist'rous ocean,  
     With ardent speed I fled.

False hope was my conductor,  
 And fate my sole instructor ;  
 Discomfort, that obstructor,  
     Stood often in my way ;  
 Urg'd on by inclination,  
 Each passion held its station,  
 With little permutation,  
     I gave my mind to play.

When war's wild blast was blowing,  
 Arm'd ships to sea were going,  
 Ambitious minds were flowing,  
     The simple to allure ;  
 Their music so delightful,  
 Who would have thought them spiteful ?  
 To me it was not frightful,  
     I thought their object pure.

To sail I then enlisted,  
 By flattering fools assisted,  
 In bondage I was twisted,  
     To face the daring foe ;  
 'T was there I had a sample  
 Of every bad example,  
 To teach me how to trample,  
     And from the truth to go.



Thus many years pursuing,  
 Each distant country viewing,  
 I never thought of ruing,

But practis'd every sin :  
 In trouble oft detected,  
 By folly not affected,  
 Companions I selected,  
 Of Satan's nearest kin.

By fancy I was guided,  
 Integrity derided,  
 From probity I slided,  
 And truth I left behind ;  
 But conscience often told me  
 That God in guilt would hold me,  
 And death would soon enfold me,  
 God's justice I should find.

I knew, without repentance,  
 That God would pass the sentence,  
 And send me where reluctance  
 Could give me no relief ;  
 I felt that I was tending,  
 The downward road descending,  
 And dismal fate impending,  
 I thought of no reprieve.

There was no real pleasure  
 In all my vicious treasure,  
 It was too scanty measure  
 To satisfy my soul ;  
 But short was the duration  
 Of every good sensation ;  
 I trampled on probation,  
 As passing time did roll.

While on the ocean prowling,  
 Where boist'rous waves were rolling,  
 And whistling winds were howling,

It was my constant aim,  
 Of wages to be saving,  
 To gratify my craving  
 For pleasure, almost raving,  
 My mind was light and vain.

In battle, what a wonder,  
 Where cannons roar like thunder,  
 All for the sake of plunder,

And sanctioned by the wise;  
 Where balls like hail a flying,  
 Some gasping, others dying,  
 Poor wounded souls a crying,  
 A hell without disguise.

My learning thus I gained,  
 My course I still maintained,  
 My native land regained,  
 And sanguine war was stayed.

By habit grown so vicious,  
 Of justice not suspicious,  
 My practice was pernicious,  
 While crime on crime I laid.

Often for sin I grieved,  
 For grace my bosom heaved,  
 The Bible I believed,

When soberly inclined;  
 But sad inebriation  
 Excited my vexation,  
 And drove each obligation  
 Far distant from my mind.

I had no satisfaction;  
 For every vicious action  
 Increased my mind's distraction,  
     In retrospective view.

But mercy kept her station,  
 While bold infatuation,  
 With skilful penetration,  
     So closely did pursue.

At last I was arrested,  
 My guilt was manifested,  
 Of liberty divested,  
     In prison I was bound.

By former hopes forsaken,  
 By justice overtaken,  
 Dull conscience to awaken,  
     My character I found.

Three years for meditation,  
 To list my inclination,  
 By self-examination,

    What more could grace bestow?  
 I thought I had perfection,  
 My will was in subjection,  
 By tracing the direction,  
     The scriptures plainly show.

Now here I was at leisure  
 To seek the heavenly treasure,  
 Which fills the soul with pleasure,  
     Surpassing worldly joy.

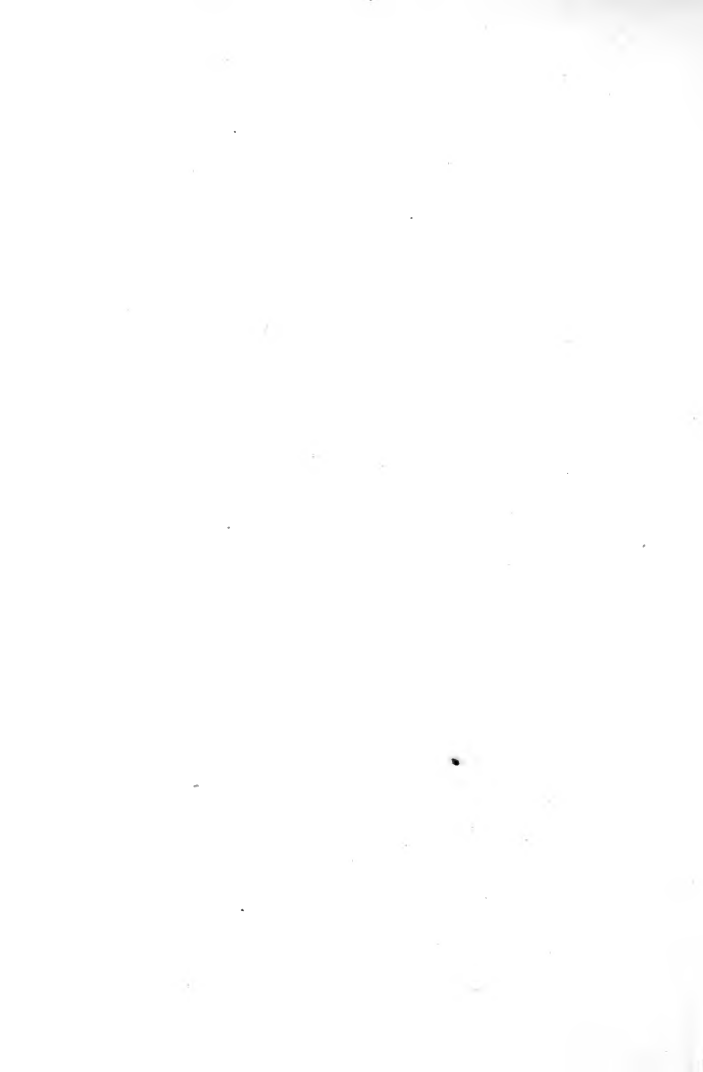
I found, by strict perpension,  
 That great was my declension  
 Of righteous comprehension,  
     Which tended to destroy.

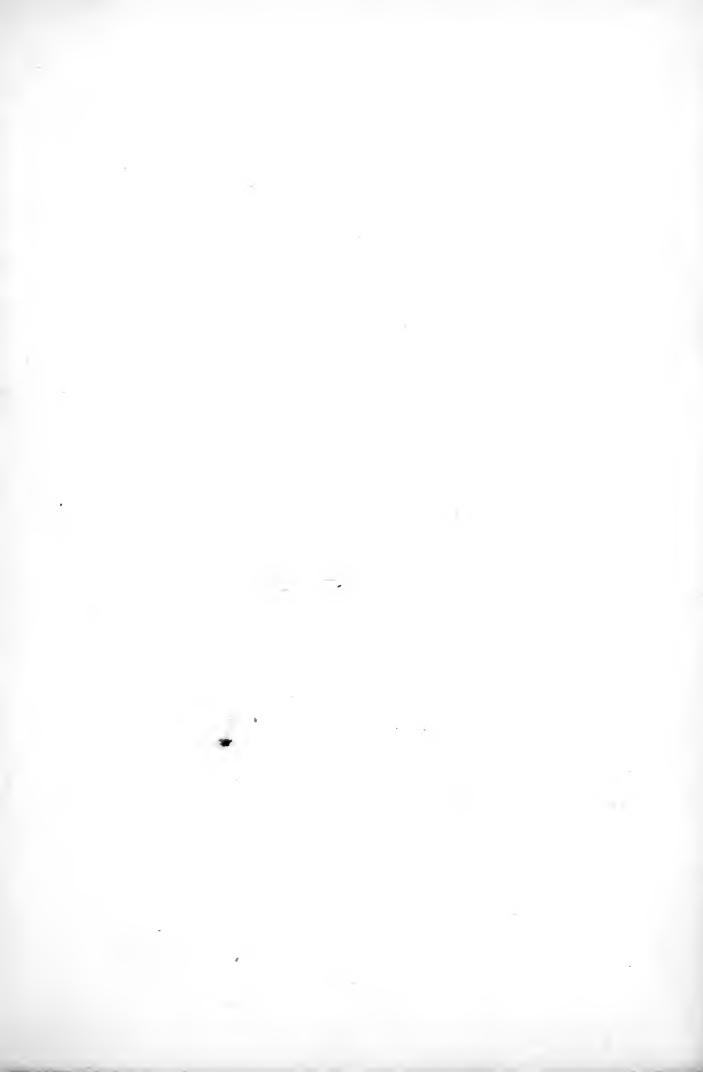
I felt a strong desire  
 To gain the hallow'd fire,  
 That would my soul inspire,  
     And set my spirit free;  
 Formality I gained,  
 No farther I attained,  
 Yet hope I still retained  
     That happy I should be.

Once more I was deceived,  
 Of liberty bereaved,  
 And two years more was grieved,  
     In servile servitude;  
 Once more my heart exploring,  
 And fatal case deploring,  
 I could not help imploring  
     Though God should me exclude,  
 This last and great restriction  
 Wrought in me deep conviction;  
 I felt the just affliction,  
     The fruit of my own choice.  
 I form'd a resolution,  
 To shun the world's pollution,  
 And frame a constitution  
     By Wisdom's lovely voice.

THE END.

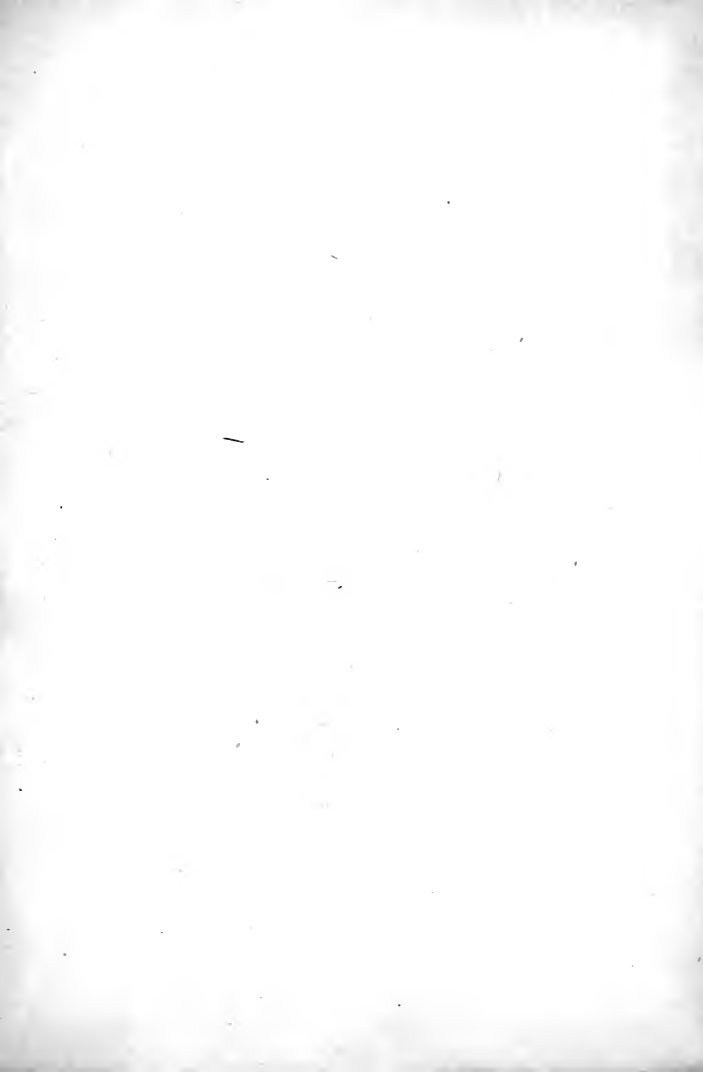


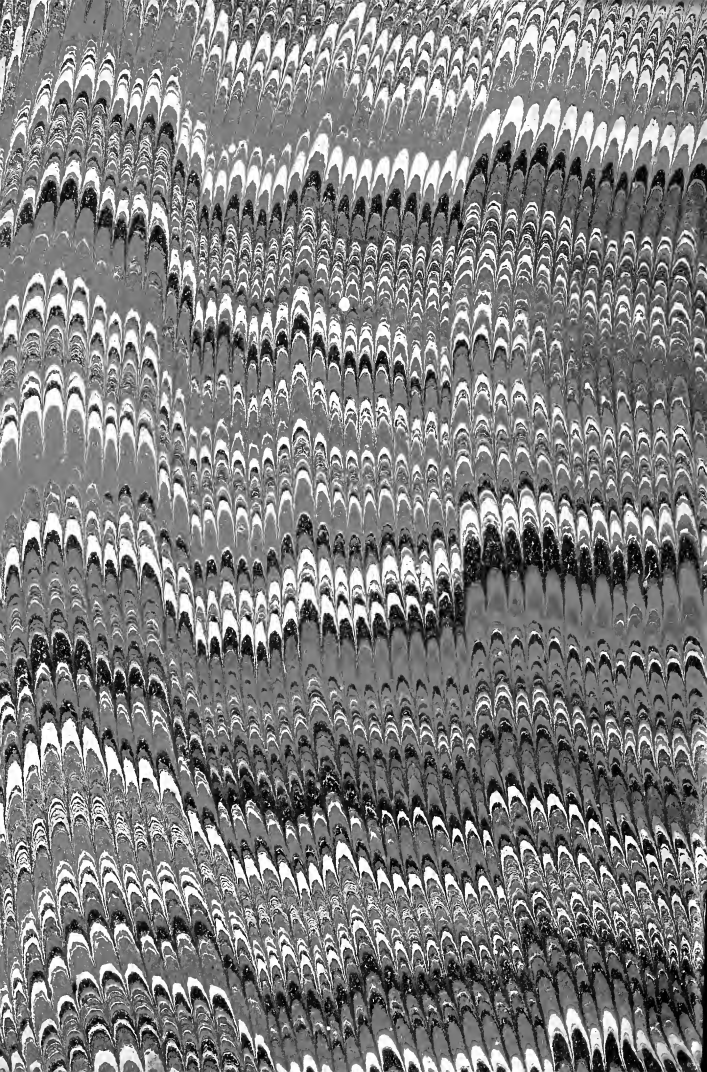


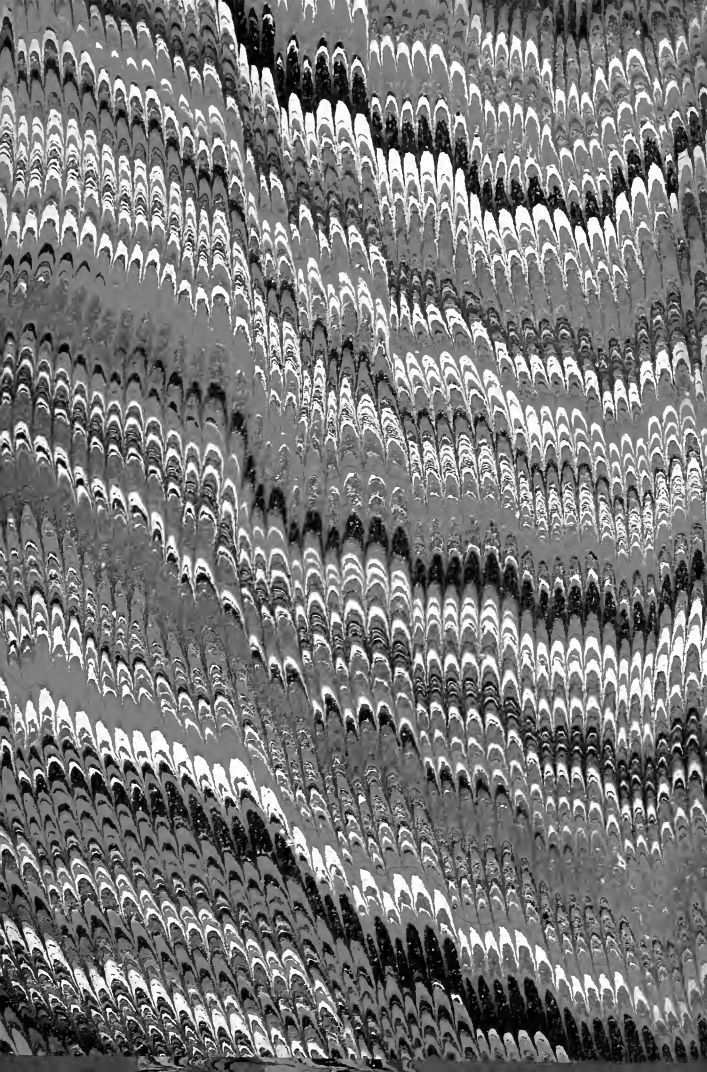












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